

1898.

—are all
breast and
Shakespeare
his bird so
beginning
shows the
melodious
to rise is
hanging
skied over
the peasant

skylark
will mount
I have
the force
at ascent,
ists, until
eyes of

greenwood
complete
reless cry
isolated
flock of
hers and
ey have,
tack the
hood of

know of
-wit," as
widening
eggs or

pirits, is
the long
s. The
preciate
umerous
though
straint.
this is,
which in
ce it, is
edding :
whether

of this
nything
nsisting
ver the
l barn.
and so
In a
ich its
er birds
uttering
much

f birds,
readily
as an

o we'll
of the
ms and
o see a
m, you
ee and
st, but
of the
eak.
gs and
ce and

ing of
rds of
every

w, the
b the
reality
ys and
ests of
d are

daws,
ice is
wn no
quired
o the
y and
outh.
them
choly
re in
s" to
miliar
thing
us of

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IV.—No. 93. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1898.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½d.]



Photo. LAFAYETTE,

MISS FAIRFAX.

179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Miss Fairfax	419, 452
The Tail of a Horse	450
Country Notes	451
Fish in the London Thames. (Illustrated)	453
Salmon-fishing in West Cork: A Good Day on the Men	451
Sport in Other Lands: Dog and Gun in California. (Illustrated)	456
On a Long Liner	457
The Old English Sheepdog, and Some Poultry. (Illustrated)	458
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	461
Flocks of the South Downs. (Illustrated)	462
Books of the Day	463
Gardens Old and New: Chiswick House. (Illustrated)	464
The Count	467
Artificial Breeding of Wild Ducks. (Illustrated)	468
Typical English Villages: Lavenham, Suffolk. (Illustrated)	470
Correspondence	472
Notes for the Table	473
Bloodhound Trials in the North. (Illustrated)	474
On the Green	476
In Town "The Great Ruby"	477
Dramatic Notes	477
Cycling Notes	478
Racing Notes	478
Over Field and Furrow	479
The Thatcher. (Illustrated)	480
Literary Notes	480

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Tail of a Horse.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. George Fleming, C.B., LL.D., etc., formerly the chief veterinary surgeon to the Army, may have done some service to the cause of mercy and the true beauty of our friend the horse by republishing, as an illustrated pamphlet, an article that he recently wrote to the *Nineteenth Century* under the heading of "The Wanton Mutilation of Animals." It is always, in our view, matter of regret that in any controversy of this kind such a big and extreme word as the epithet "wanton" should appear. "Wanton," as we conceive, implies in this connection "deliberate" and "motiveless." That the mutilation is deliberate no one for a moment can question, but that it is motiveless is open to a great deal of question. Let us leave this ungentle epithet on one side, therefore, and discuss the "mutilation" without prejudice—a subject that is in itself ungentle enough, epithets and prejudice apart.

We are a little better than our fathers in this matter—Mr. Fleming is very ready to recognise that. We no longer crop the combs of our cocks, because there is no longer any cock-fighting in Great Britain—in the eye of the law, be it understood. Neither is there a big business done in the way of dog-fighting, the police having instructions to interfere when a prize-ring is gathered to see the working-out of the destiny of the dog according to the poetry of Dr. Watts—delighting "to bark and bite." Therefore it is not necessary or salutary for dogs to have their ears cropped in the fashion that was in vogue with bulldogs not so many years back. There is still some cropping of the ears of terriers, but probably it is on the decrease; and there is more to be done than the uninitiated would suppose in the way of improving the "points" of dogs—the fall of the ear, and so on—by the cutting of small muscles or tendons here and there. The cropping of the ears of horses, too, has been

entirely given up, so far as we are aware. Mr. Fleming, who takes a very pessimistic view of the whole matter, foretells that in a few years the ear-cropping of horses will come in again. We are not at one with him in this opinion. The illustration with which his pamphlet is adorned, of a horse and rider of the English cavalry of the eighteenth century (after Rowlandson), is so supremely ridiculous, mainly by reason of the cropped ears of the horse, that it is hard to believe such a fashion capable of reinstating itself. The excessively nicked and docked tail adds to the comic appearance of the unfortunate quadruped which Nature intended to be beautiful. On this point of the ear-cropping there is not much to be said; it was painful to the horse, it deprived him of the proper funnel for conveying sounds accurately to his ear-drums, and must almost certainly have increased the nervousness of a naturally nervous animal in proportion as it distorted the sounds. But the chief safeguard of the horse against its reintroduction is, that to the modern eye it appears hideous and ridiculous. We have come to a saner view, and it is a view which such a pamphlet as that of Mr. Fleming must help all of us to recognise as sane. The nicking of a horse's tail—the operation by which the tail is made to stick straight out, as if it were meant for a hat-peg—has no longer a great vogue, and the common-sense of the nation may be left to determine that the natural angle of the tail, where the line is allowed to follow on the graceful curve of the spine, is more beautiful than the distortions effected by the "faker." Docking the tail, however—that operation by which the tail is cut short by several of the caudal vertebrae—is the practice against which Mr. Fleming, rightly enough, in our judgment, fulminates his objections and his arguments. It appears that it was in Charles II.'s reign that docking became general in England, for we find, in an edition of Markham's "Master-piece," published in 1681, that it is mentioned, the reasons for its adoption given, and the manner in which the operation should be performed described. In treating of "the making of curtails, or cutting off the tails of horses," he says:—"The curtail of horses is used in no nation whatsoever so much as in this kingdom of ours, by reason of so much carriage and heavy burthens which our horses are continually exercised and employed withal, and the rather, sith we are strongly opinionated that the taking away of these joints doth make the horse's chine (spine) or back a great deal stronger, and more able to support a burthen, as in troth it doth, and we daily find it by continual experience." Such is the opinion of the "Master-piece." That you increase the power of a horse's back by cutting off his tail is a view that the "continual experience" of later days has not been found to support. Nevertheless, curious things are seen to help a horse—to speed, at all events, if not to the carriage of heavy "burthens." The Americans, always enterprising, have invented toe-weights for their trotters, and the riding of Mr. "Tod" Sloan for their racers. In any case, though the docking as a means of giving the horse increased power is not credited now, we see that when it was first done it did not deserve the name of "wanton," in the sense of "motiveless," mutilation. Mr. Fleming himself specially quotes the motive, mistaken, may be, with which it was originally done.

Then why do we retain it now, since the original motive is discredited? There are arguments, if they are to be called so, for its retention, arguments that Mr. Fleming honestly quotes. The reins may get under the horse's tail if the driver be careless—and it is in human nature to be careless—the tail swish about on the carriage, to the annoyance of the passengers, and so on. Surely these arguments do not amount to much. The rail over the splashboard, or other arrangements of the carriage, may easily be adjusted, so that the first argument can be upset; and as for the horse's tail coming into the carriage, Mr. Fleming's way of dealing with that contention reminds us of the man who told his bootmaker, "Confound it, sir, do you think I am going to pare down my feet to fit your boots?" when his shoemaker gently suggested that some corn-cutting might make the boots more comfortable. The carriage and the harness ought to be so arranged that the horse's tail shall not be an inside passenger. The arguments against the docking, on the other hand, are not to be so easily answered. In the first place the operation is a cruel one. We believe it to be comparatively a painless one if it be performed when the horse is a baby; but the fact that the fashion likes horses with docked tails—that the notion prevails that a docked tail looks "smart," for that is the real reason of the docking—must inevitably lead to docking after babyhood is past on the part of a dealer or owner who desires to put a bigger market value on a horse that had not suffered this mutilation in its babyhood. And having docked the horse of the better part of his tail, what is it that you have taken from him? The whisk, thoughtfully provided for him by Nature, with which he can brush from his exquisitely sensitive skin the flies and insects which annoy him almost to exasperation. Of course, this applies in less degree to stabled horses than to those that are out at grass, but in less degree only. In all cases the docked horse must suffer severely from the irritation of summer flies.



THE *Times* of Tuesday printed a long, diffuse, but highly-interesting letter signed "Egidio Vitali," and entitled "The Vintage in Italy." That letter contained a good deal of agreeable information touching Italian wines generally, and the vintage of 1898 in particular, and it registered a protest against the attempts of the Press in rival wine-growing countries to exaggerate any little misfortunes of the Italian wine-producer. It contained, also, a rosy picture of Italy, where "people generally live very well," although labour is cheap, an argument which seems to suggest that "people generally" does not mean quite so much as might be imagined at first sight. Then the writer, following the example of "an influential English statesman," suggests that English and Scotch farmers might emigrate to Italy with advantage, and that they would find there a more profitable outlet for their capital than in distant and often unhealthy countries.

Now this is a very pretty prospect. Imagine the joy of exchanging the summer drought, the winter floods of Essex, the frozen snows of the far North, for the sunny vineyards of Italy. Think of the delights of a country in which wine, aye, and good wine too, may be made as cheaply as beer and cider in England. It is a golden vision. But will it bear the light of day? We fear not, for the practical obstacles are more than considerable. Few farmers, even among the highly-educated Scots, know the language in which the Italian labourer must be addressed, and viticulture, like other arts, must be learned. After all, John Bull, Norman Macgregor, Dennis O'Connor, and John Jones will be best advised to stick to their native soil as long as they can, and when they have reached the limits of their endurance, they will find British colonies suit them better than the sunniest regions of continental Europe.

"Egidio Vitali," however, goes farther. In a late paragraph of his letter he holds up before Italian noblemen and estate-owners the splendid example of the great land-owners of this kingdom, pointing out the freedom with which those land-owners expend money on the improvement of their estates. We speak with knowledge in saying that British land-owners as a body deserve all the praise thus bestowed upon them. But this part of the letter strikes us also in another way. "Egidio Vitali" desires to touch the patriotic conscience of Italian, not British, land-owners. He writes, not to the Italian Press, but to the *Times*. This is a significant tribute to the world-wide influence of the great journal.

The controversy with regard to the dubbing of game-cocks has become acute. Dubbed cocks will not be admitted to competition at the forthcoming Dairy Show, and the Prince of Wales, pressed by "a correspondent" to withdraw his expressed condemnation of the practice of dubbing, remains of the same opinion still. Therefore the United Game Club's members will not exhibit at the Crystal Palace Show. COUNTRY LIFE ranges itself on the side of the angels, that is to say of the Prince of Wales; but it recognises also that the United Game Club has its reasons, and is not to be attacked recklessly. Cock-fighting is dead and criminal; dubbing had its origin in cock-fighting; the better opinion is that dubbing ought to disappear. But there are substantial arguments to support the dubbers also. Game-cocks are fighting birds. Like the dog John Pym, their lives are full of seriousness because they cannot get enough of fighting; and when they fight, their combs are sadly mauled. Nor is dubbing an act of interference with Nature pure and simple, for our strains of game-fowl have been evolved by artificial selection. Still the balance inclines against dubbing. Oddly enough, this note is written by one who in boyhood possessed a game-cock, and, with the help of the village sexton, dubbed it, because it was always being mauled, and, with the help of a birch rod, was punished. The punishment was just; it turned his mind in the right direction; but the crime was not heinous.

If the last piece of news with regard to the enterprise of making the Crystal Palace profitably popular be correct, the persons interested in the Palace and its surroundings have scored a great success. It is stated that a new club, entitled the London County Cricket Club, is in process of formation, that its headquarters will be the Crystal Palace, and that Dr. W. G. Grace, the most masterly exponent ever seen of the finest game devised by Englishmen, is to be its secretary. Matches, it is said, have already been arranged provisionally, including one with the Australians. The Palace grounds, for there is room for more than one, are excellent, and the enterprise has our warmest commendation and encouragement.

The almost complete failure of the root crop has had a marked effect on the price of store cattle. It is calculated that there will be 20,000 fewer bullocks fed in Norfolk this year than in previous years. There has been a corresponding rise in the price of feeding stuffs. Still, it is wonderful what may be done with a little management in keeping stock through the winter when roots are short. Barley and oat straw ought to be taken care of, and if either be passed through the chaff-cutter, and then moistened with water and sprinkled with salt, and left to lie for about forty-eight hours, they will be readily eaten. The old feeders used to say: "Give us cheap stock and dear keeping for profit." But the difficulties of stock-keepers just now open up a wider question. This year it is the turn of the breeders to suffer. Last year the feeders had to pay such prices for their store stock as to preclude all hopes of profit. Now the breeders are selling their store stock at ruinous prices. Why should the occupations of breeder and feeder be so often divorced? What the butchers want are small yet ripely-fed animals, which will cut up into handy and fleshy joints. The days of 150st. bullocks and 15st. sheep are over. And if due care be taken to keep the young animals feeding right on from the time they are weaned, they can be got well fat and ready for the butcher—cattle at two years old and sheep at a year old. The solution of the difficulty seems to be in the careful selection of good calves. Hundreds of good, well-bred in-calf cows come up to the dairies near large towns. Their calves are often slaughtered at once. Why should not these calves pass back into the hands of the farmers to be reared, and kept going until they are fat?

The corn markets have slackened a little during the past week, and prices are not quite so firm as they were a few days ago. Again a word of warning to English farmers. Hold the harvest. English wheat is the best value on the market this year. It is of magnificent quality, and has been well harvested. And if it is not rushed upon the market, it is bound to find its level. But it must not be muddled away at five or six and twenty shillings a quarter.

With the 1st of October, the first nip of the frost, and our farewell to the trout, we are able to give a cordial welcome to *thymalus*, the grayling. There are those who do not appreciate him, who deem that he only occupies the room and eats the food of the more interesting trout. But in any case he keeps us going through the winter, when we can no longer fish for trout. He keeps our eye and hand in for the throwing, even if he does not require quite the same delicacy of blandishment that the sophisticated trout, who will only look upon the fly when it is dry, demands. And there is a variety in the ways of fishing for him, too; for if ants' eggs are a poaching method, we may, on most rivers at all events, angle for him with the so-called grasshopper, which is really supposed to imitate the caterpillar of the cabbage white butterfly—so at least we are assured, though the imitation is not too remarkably exact. This method of angling requires no little skill for its success, and an extreme delicacy of touch to detect the taking of the bait by the fish, which always sucks it in as it is descending, in the "sink and draw" process; and it is with the grasshopper that the biggest grayling are taken. If only the fish would take the bait during the "draw," instead of during the "sink," it would be a deal easier to make sure of hooking him; but perhaps the real wonder is that he should take it at all. Once hooked, he does not give the vigorous "play" of the trout, it is true, but he requires more delicate handling by reason of the extreme delicacy of his small mouth. And a good grayling is every whit as good as a trout when he comes to table.

The rain came just at the right time for freshening up the Scotch rivers, which had fallen very bright and low, rather in consequence of the light snowfall of last winter than of deficient rainfall in the summer. The heavy fall about the 1st of October must have given many a salmon and sea-trout the chance of running up that they were waiting for—and to the anglers' benefit, since the nets were off. In the meantime the trout-fishing season has virtually come to an end, with the capture of a giant, of between eleven and twelve pounds, in the Test. This is a size that we do not often hear of trout reaching, except in the Thames, and for the Test it is a record. There is, of

course, that strange and enigmatic person, the Fordwich—or, as Izaak Walton has it, the Fordidge trout; but he remains as difficult an enigma now as in Walton's own day. Lately the present writer asked one who had actually caught the fish in the Stour what he was, but could get no answer. Not a sea-trout—no; not a bull-trout—no. More like a *ferox*, perhaps, than anything; but the habits of the Fordwich are utterly unlike the lake-dwelling ways of the *ferox*. So we remain much at our starting-point. He is an enigma. The great Test trout, a record for the river, was caught on a bit of raw meat—he glutton.

Between those who hunt and those who shoot, that is to say, between those who wish to come looking in the coverts for foxes and those who prefer those coverts to hold pheasants rather than foxes, there is seldom any serious trouble. To live and let live, or to kill and let kill, is commonly the pleasant rule, but there is a certain point about which there seems to be a little misconception, and a grievance of the huntsman that is more imaginary than real. "Oh," we often hear said at the covert-side, "it is no good drawing that; they were shooting it yesterday"—the obvious meaning being, that a covert that was shot on Monday cannot reasonably be expected to hold a fox on Tuesday. Is it not more than possible that there is a little misunderstanding of the cunning Reynard's ways in this inference? We are inclined to think so. What is the common story of the "pick-up" after a pheasant shoot? Scarcely ever, in a hunting country, do we fail to hear, "A fox had got hold of one"—or more than one. This is so very common a tale—almost unailing, one might say—that the just inference in regard to foxes and pheasant shoots seems rather the opposite of that which is so often drawn. It would appear rather as if the fox knew what was going on at the hot corners, and made it his business to be on hand the next night to pick up any stragglers. There is certainly no sufficient evidence that we are aware of to show that foxes specially avoid a covert that has been shot the previous day. The balance of evidence, such as it is, seems all the other way.

It is greatly to be regretted that those whose business it is to cater for our amusement in field sports do not make a more careful study of their quarry. It is only about one game-keeper in ten that really seems to have the instinct for picking up the facts of natural history in the field—facts that so often have a direct bearing on the sport he is able to show his master and friends. Huntsmen, as a rule, know the fox better than the game-keeper knows his creatures of venery; perhaps the knowledge of the fox's wiles is forced upon the huntsman. The game-keeper, at any rate, is often sadly wanting. How often—not in the great partridge-driving counties, but in those where a little walking and a little driving pleasantly alternate—how often have we dragged our weary limbs, towards the close of day, over the swedes and turnips, although all of us, except the keeper, knew perfectly well that at that hour partridges do not lie in the roots, but are out feeding on the stubbles! And yet it is not really so much that the keepers do not know it—in theory they know it well, and will make a gentle little boast of their knowledge of it to you—but for some reason they will not act on their knowledge. They are not fully enough convinced of its truth, though they may have repeated it fifty times over. Of course keepers often have a certain reserve of motive, that they do not mention, for not bringing game to the gun, but this does not suffice to explain their consistent habit of asking us to walk roots late in the afternoon.

The beginning of the pheasant shooting shows us very plainly what a leafy year this is, how late and how thickly the leaves have stayed on the trees, so that the pheasant escapes again and again behind the green curtains. Of course we do not expect the coverts to be anything like clear of leaf on the 1st of October, but we expect a few leaves to have fallen, and this year hardly a leaf is down. We are writing this out of our own experience in the counties south of London; but westward again, in the country of the New Forest, the leaf is much more off. It is hard to find out the reason of this striking difference in different—only slightly different—parts of the country. In the New Forest they are saying, "Oh, of course it is the drought that has made the leaves fall so soon." In the other, the leafy districts, they are saying, "Oh, no rain has come to rot the stems of the leaves, so of course they do not fall." Each party is quite satisfied with its own explanation, which, of course, is all that matters, but in the meantime the true cause is as far to seek as ever—as much of an enigma as the Fordwich trout. This singular year has furnished us with several such enigmas.

The wild pheasants have disappointed us a little this year. We have been accustomed to hear it spoken of as a good year for pheasants all round, and good, no doubt, it has been for the tame birds, which can be reckoned up accurately. It seems, however, as if the keepers whom we have questioned deduced the excellence and numbers of the wild birds from the quality of the tame. Unfortunately, the result that they

are bringing to the gun does not quite seem to bear out this pleasant inference. As yet, in the beginning of the season, it is generally the wild birds—those that have been left to shift for themselves on "the outsides"—that have been shot, and they have not generally come up to expectation. Of course, when the covert and leaf are as thick as they are this year, a number of birds are passed over and do not rise before the beaters, but still we fancy that the poor stock of wild birds has been a surprise and a disappointment even to the keepers themselves. But luckily there can be no great miscalculation about the tame birds. They have had a good year all round.

If there is any use at all in knowing the true causes of an evil that we can do but little to cure, there is surely much value in Mr. Clutterbuck's letter to the *Times* of October 3rd. Mr. Clutterbuck is one of those prophets whose words fell on heedless ears when he predicted the scarcity of water many months before that scarcity was felt. He predicted it mainly from the lowness of the water in a certain stratum of green-sand; and the present value of his letter is that it recalls us to the fact that the drought we are suffering from is not caused by the lack of rain during the summer nearly as much as by the small rainfall of the winter, the season at which rain can penetrate the ground and go down to the secret reservoirs of the springs. We are not saying that a recognition of this truth goes far to mend the matter, but truth for its own sake—literally at the bottom of a well this time—is perhaps worth recognising. If Mr. Clutterbuck's previous warnings had been more appreciated, we might perhaps have seen a certain water company taking those measures sooner which it has been compelled to take later, whereby it might have saved its clients much suffering, and itself many hard words. And also we in the country might have been more foreseeing, and might have made better provision for the storing of the water that was running to waste while Mr. Clutterbuck prophesied. *Expectat rusticus*, etc.—just a little too long.

What with new vaccination laws and water famine, the mind of the genuine East Ender—the wise man of history—seems to be getting a trifle mixed. At a recent inquest it was proved that the deceased had drunk much Thames water, on which one juryman suggested that he ought to have had an "epidemic," but another juryman hazarded "hemmetic" as the word intended. Either might have been a fitting sequel had a patient at a certain barber's acted on the hint of a smart-speaking hair-dresser, who spoke of shampooing as "a most refreshing beverage."

Coursing at Lytham was not improved by the presence of the large crowd, a record even for the meetings of the Ridgway Club, and that the sport has a very large following was proved by Mr. Mugliston receiving £160 for cards during the three days. Another gratifying feature of the gathering was the bold show made by South of England puppies, most of which were very forward, despite the unfavourable conditions in which they have been prepared for the season. A prominent member of the Stock Exchange Club, Mr. G. W. White, whose kennel is at Sawbridgeworth, and Mr. A. J. Humphreys, well known by his connection with the South of England Club, were both at the end of stakes, and there is not much doubt that the former gentleman's White Czar, a fawn dog puppy by For My Sake—Foursome, is one of the smartest youngsters sent North of late years. He divided the North Lancashire stake with Pilot (Mr. L. Pilkington), Fanock Fort (Messrs. Fawcett), and Wield the Baton (Mr. F. Watson). In the corresponding bitch stake the Sanghall kennel took two shares with Fearless Footsteps and Fiery Face, litter sisters, the Duke of Leeds taking a third share with Lapal. To the surprise of all, honours in the Clifton Cup went to the Hon. O. C. Molyneux's Menial, one of Character's stock trained by John Coke at Birkdale.

In the Midlands, Mr. G. Darlinson is doing much to keep the sport alive, and there are few more suitable estates in the country for the holding of a big coursing meeting than the one farmed by Mr. Darlinson at Wappenbury, some miles from the centre of the cycle industry, Coventry. Game is most strictly preserved, and there is plenty of it on the estate—mostly grass-land, by the way—but at the recent meeting the ground was so hard, and the support given to Mr. Darlinson so meagre, that the card was run through in a very short day. The Essex courser, Mr. H. F. Simonds, and Mr. A. Brown, of Birmingham, secured most of the plums. With Silver Carver and Silver Lace, the former keen courser was at the end of two stakes.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week presents the portrait of Miss Fairfax, daughter of the rector of Evesham, Gloucestershire, who is a member of the well-known Fairfax family of Yorkshire.

FISH IN THE LONDON THAMES.

"WHEN things are at the worst they mend," is a proverb which has held good of the old Thames fishery of London. Formerly the tidal Thames yielded, without exception, the finest fish in England, remarkable not only for the number of species, but for the excellence of their flavour. The fishery was under the control of the City, whose water bailiff supervised it from Staines to the Medway. It is to the water bailiff of the City in the year 1640 that we owe the best account of the fish then found in the tidal river. They included turbot, brill, mullet, sea-trout, salmon, shad, soles, smelts, dace, whitebait, flounders, plaice, eels, and many other kinds of first-class quality. The last of the eel boats on the London Thames appears in our illustration. "Peter boat" is the old name, and the owner lives in her six months in the year, anchored off Chiswick Ferry, and sets his pots in the tideway. This year he has caught numbers of eels, and the present writer can certify that their flavour was excellent. Probably the tide formerly ran far higher up the river than it does now, for there was no weir at Teddington to stop the flood, and sea and estuary fishes had a longer reach of spawning ground. But the Bishop of London had a "several fishery" running from Fulham to the lower end of Chiswick Eyot; and it was here, just off the Eyot, that the last salmon was taken in this water, in the year 1825.

The salmon and sea-trout have long disappeared. But as late as sixteen years ago there was a very fair fishery on the London Thames above bridges. More than a dozen boats were regularly engaged in the fishery, and the families who owned them had gone on from generation to generation at the business. This year there is only one eel boat left, which belongs to a fisherman called Passmore, of Lambeth; and only two or three families, one of which resides in Chiswick, pursue the net fishery. But for the last three years the river has been improving, and growing cleaner and sweeter. It is just three years since the smelts first returned to Putney, Kew, and Isleworth; and this year the river is once more full of fish, with more smelts than ever, plenty of roach, dace, and barbel, and a fair number of eels. The flounders have not yet returned in any numbers, though a few were caught in the first week of September, opposite Mortlake. But for other fish this has been the best season known of recent years on the London river. On September 15th the writer received at Chiswick an evening visit from one of the last survivors of the London fishermen, who brought as a present a fine 2½lb. silver eel, which he had just taken in his nets off



Copyright

THE LAST OF THE EEL BOATS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Thornycroft's torpedo works. This man has fished the London river ever since he could pull an oar, sometimes as amateur, but mainly in partnership with a family who are long descended in the industry. His story of the river throws some light on the past and future of this ancient fishery. Fifteen years ago he regularly fished from Isleworth to Chelsea, beginning in June, and continuing through the winter till the close time in March. His method was mainly net fishing, of exactly the same kind as that by which he had just taken a haul off the torpedo works. A drag net is let out, fastened to "tow buoys," and the boat is rowed round, and encloses the fish. Beginning an hour after high water, the fishermen start at Isleworth or Barnes, and drop down with the tide, making as many hauls as time allows, until dead low water. If so disposed, they wait at the lower reaches, and fish up again with the flood.

At present the greater part of their take is roach and dace. These always run small in the London river, about 6in. to roin, being the usual size. The largest roach taken this summer was not over half a pound; but quantity made up for size. There is a ready market for these fish. The Billingsgate merchants buy them to sell to the Jews. The fishmongers purchase them by the half-hundred, and sell them at so much per fish. During the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles the Jews eat white fish, from rivers by choice, and the price is then at its best. Poor fish for poor Jews is not exactly the harvest one would like to see from our fine river. But even roach and dace are welcome as the harbingers of better things. Nor are dace bad eating, especially if scaled, laid in salt and water, and fried next day. Up at Richmond and Isleworth they have given capital sport to the rod anglers.

Our fisherman, who is an "angler" for sport on Sundays, recently caught fifteen "beauties" up above the new lock. Barbel are always thrown back, unless of good size. They are also increasing, and one of 2½lb. was caught in September opposite Chiswick Eyot. These sluggish, light-evading fish have a fancy for lying under the torpedo destroyers anchored in Corney Reach, and, when one of these boats goes down for a trial trip, the fishermen at once net the place where she lay. Another way of taking barbel on the tidal Thames is by "rugging." The net is laid in a loop and anchored at each end. Then the fishers sink poles into the mud all round, and drive the fish into the net. Some of the best places for barbel used to be off Barn Elms. There were several small drains, now stopped by the Conservancy, which carried refuse into the river, and the barbel liked to feed there. They were not regular sewage drains, but nice dirty kitchen and yard drains, which the barbel found rivers of plenty. Real drains, with a certain amount of sewage, according to all Thames fishermen, did no harm, but increased the growth of weeds and animalculæ on



Copyright

EEL POTS IN CORNEY REACH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which the fish fed. It is the mass of half-chemical sewage, gas liquid, and other metallic and chemical refuse lower down the river which destroys fish, as also the alterations made in the channel, which is now a straight scour, instead of being full of tanks, pools, and backwaters at low tide, where fish could hide, rest, and, above all, deposit their spawn. But much of the spawn floats. Some years ago a man scooped up several buckets of water from the river, and poured them into a canoe to swell the joints. The water was left in for a fortnight, and when the boatman came to look at it, it was full of tiny fish, hatched from spawn which had been floating in the water taken up in the buckets from the river. This year the first jack taken for years in this neighbourhood was caught off Kew Gardens, a 3lb. fish.

Of the sea-fishes now returning to the Medway to spawn, the smelts are at the present date swarming in parts of the river. At the end of August three and a-half dozen were taken with the rod and line by one fisherman at a single flood-tide. With other fish, they rush up the creeks to avoid the thick muddy water when the spring tides rise, and are then eager to feed. The lampern, a small eel which lives in brackish waters, and was once very numerous off Strand-on-the-Green, just below Kew Bridge, is now seen once more, but the plenty and profit of flounder-fishing is still missing. Formerly these were in the best repute of any Thames fish, and nowhere were they so good



Copyright

BAITING EEL POTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

or so numerous as off Chiswick Eyot. The Peter boats used to go out by night and fish all through the season. The autumn flounders, about the fall of the leaf, were best of all. Sometimes from six to seven dozen were taken in a haul. The survivors of these lucky fishermen grow quite excited over their recollections of flounder catching on waters where a dead dog is now the only likely result of a haul. The fish were not large but of the most delicate flavour, and in great demand among connoisseurs of all classes. Here is an odd fact about the fishery—in quite

recent years too. The Peter boatmen used to catch them, and sell their Saturday's haul to men from the brick-yards behind Shepherd's Bush and Acton. The brickyard men used to sell them in the streets on Sundays from baskets and barrows, thus getting a day's comparative rest with a little profit-earning and business added. Two dozen small flounders were sold for sixpence, one dozen large ones for a shilling—wholesale price. The boats used to fish the mud off Chiswick Eyot till the flounders grew tired of being harried, and bolted up to Mortlake. The men followed them, and then the flounders would run down stream to the Bishop's Muds off Fulham Palace. The Bishop's Muds! What a nice territorial survival of old property rights on the river. The fish shown here were the result of a haul made off Chiswick, on Corney Reach. The eel weighed over 2lb. The three small fish are smelts, but these would have been far more numerous had the net been one with small enough meshes to catch them. As it was, the smelts all slipped through. The other fish are dace and roach, except the deep spoon-shaped one, which is a bream. C. J. CORNISH.



Copyright

A CATCH OF THAMES FISH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Salmon-Fishing in West Cork: A Good Day on the Ilen.

THREE rivers rise in Owen's slopes, a lofty mountain, distant some seven miles westward from the busy market town of Dunmanway. These are the Bandon, which flows in an easterly direction, and discharges its waters into Kinsale Harbour; the Dunamarque, which, taking a course to the west, enters Bantry's noble bay; and the subject of my sketch, the Ilen, which, running in a south-westerly direction, after flowing past the flourishing town of Skibbereen—noted for the unrivalled eloquence of its Poor-Law Guardians—and "Carbery's hundred isles," discharges its volume into the Atlantic, close to the well-known fishing hamlet of Baltimore, which, with its industrial school, will be for all time indelibly associated with the memory of that model cleric, the Rev. Father Davis, P.P.

Though not to be compared to the Bandon in size, but considerably larger than the Dunamarque, the Ilen, to my thinking, takes the palm as the fairest river of the three—a continuous succession of swift sharps and runs, hurrying along over a clean gravelly bottom, diversified at times by the most tempting-looking pools, where the current sweeps swirling past and eddying over submerged boulders. This charming stream is remarkable for an almost total absence of that bane to the angler, the long, string-like white flowering waterweed, which during the past seasons has almost choked up the lower and in some instances the upper reaches, too, of the Bandon. Clear as crystal (because fed by springs) when in normal condition, its waters, sparkling and murmuring,

wend their way to the ocean, but when wind and rain sweep over the mountains, down it rushes in a murky torrent, at times sweeping away livestock and farm produce in its angry course. In such a manner did it behave during the recent violent thunderstorm. Seven youthful porkers from one litter were swept away, and on the day on which I was fishing I saw their bloated carcasses knocking about on a backwater with washed-away firkins and other flotsam of the flood.

This, the Ilen, is an ideal salmon and white trout stream, and as its funny denizens are possessed of a game and free-taking disposition, it would, from a sporting point of view, be quite as good as it looks, but for that *bête noir* of the majority of South of Ireland rivers, the ghoulish and seemingly ubiquitous midnight poisoner. This fair stream suffered dreadfully from this horrible and pernicious practice in years gone by, and gone by, let us strive to hope, for ever, as I am glad to say that for some time no poisoning has taken place. Still, with regard to this most destructive practice, unless the fishing laws undergo a radical change, it will doubtless regain its sway again. A great number of both salmon and white trout are destroyed in this river by netting, which, however bad such undoubtedly is, is child's play compared to poisoning. This wholesale poaching in such a river, which I may state is free to the public from source to mouth, is a crying shame, as plenty of sport could be had by tourists and others in it were poaching put a stop to. I, for one, sincerely trust that more

licences will be taken out, and therefore more money will be available for the preservation of this beautiful and sporting river during the ensuing season.

The train service, too, is most convenient for those who may wish to visit the Ilan, and Mr. J. E. O'B. Croker, the energetic general manager of the Cork, Bandon, and South Coast Railway, has conferred a great boon on anglers by allowing them return tickets at single fares, and this privilege has been largely made use of. Drimoleague Station, eight miles west of Dunmanway, is but one and a-half miles from the river, and here at Ilan Lodge, and for a considerable distance above, up indeed to Castle Donovan, a ruined stronghold of the past, good white trout-fishing can be had. One must, however, travel about a mile down stream from the Lodge, to where the Anghaville River empties itself into the Ilan, for any fair prospect of sport with the salmon. Here at the confluence of the two rivers is a nice salmon pool, and from this down to Skibbereen both salmon and white trout at the proper season will be found. The season for the latter is generally from July to about the end of August, for the former, from the beginning of the latter month until October 31st, at which time the season ends—for the rod fishermen, I should say, for about this time the poacher gets his hand in, and with the deadly leister wages a war of extermination against the spawning fish, which are scarcely fit for food at the time, and huge quantities of ova are thus rendered useless during a single night—a description of poaching second only to poisoning in its pernicious effects. Four miles from Drimoleague, and the same from Skibbereen, and within a field from about the very best salmon pools on the river, is the railway station of Madore, and the angler here can have his choice of fishing either up or down stream. On both stretches there are plenty of salmon pools.

On the day in question—Saturday, September 10th—leaving the 10.30 a.m. train from Dunmanway at Madore, I determined to tempt fortune by trying down stream, and after putting the two-piece greenheart together, I mounted my favourite salmon fly for this river, a rather small-sized “blue fiery-brown, with yellow shoulder,” and were I to fish the Ilan from February to October no better pattern would I care to use. The water—we had had a nice drop of rain the night previous—was in nice ply, and of a light “beery” colour, and although the clouds were rather too white and fleecy, darker ones were showing up from the north-west, from which point the wind was blowing. I fished the first pool very carefully—a nice-looking, long, and generally free-taking one—but, with the exception of a small white trout which came short, without success. The agriculturists who farm land adjacent to the river, immediately the fishing season gets into full swing fill up all the gaps close to the banks with thorny shrubs, which in resisting and penetrating qualities would hold their own with any zarba of camel or other thorn that ever was constructed, and about midway down my first pool my troubles in forcing a passage through one of formidable build began. This obstacle surmounted, it was then plain sailing for a time. Below the first pool, after running over a shallow, the current swept with great force into my side, which was the left bank. The water swirled about in eddying circles with such violence at the head of the pool that the line was sucked under and came into dangerous proximity to the bank. About halfway down a small and extremely healthy-looking alder tree grew, its lower branches bending down to and under the water; below a rock stood up from the bottom, and when the force of the current had been broken against this, it flowed away in a smoother fashion. Although I had a long narrow saw slung on my shoulder, in order to cut away any branches which interfered with the proper fishing of a pool, and had at the same time a premonitory feeling of danger, my unlucky star was in the ascendant, and I left the alder bush untouched, and this careless act on my part speedily brought about its due meed of punishment.

I had just with the top of the rod well cleared the upper branches of the bush, and as the fly came dancing into the comparatively smooth, although rapid, current below the rock, a fish coming up made a most gallant dash at the fly. His laudable attempt, however, was frustrated, as he did not seize hold. What demon at this point took possession of me I cannot tell; while abstaining from putting the fly over the fish again until I had given him a short rest, so that he might have time to return to his lodge and recover his equilibrium, I again was prompted to cut the submerged boughs, and again foolishly desisted. So the die was cast, and over the fish for the second time came the fly. He did not break the surface on this occasion; he took under water, and a heavy drag made me aware of the fact. Down deep he went, a favourable sign of a salmon being well hooked as a rule. This was followed by a sporting leap out of the water, a bright side like a silver bar flashing in the now glancing sunlight. He then made a mad rush to the opposite side of the pool, next a circular sweep, during which the line almost fizzed through the water, ending, what was remarkably lively play while it lasted, by dashing under the alder branches, and finishing his circular trip and my connection with him at the same moment. The cast did not break, neither did the fish carry the fly away, but the hook, a hammered one too at the bend—one of Mr. George M. Kelson's new turn-out point patterns, and made specially for me to order by Bartlett, of Redditch—was bent inwards out of all shape, which I should consider due to defective material, and to this I attribute the loss of the fish.

No use wasting time mourning over spilt milk, so off I pegged, and ere long was at work at another pool. This, a very deep but likely-looking lodge, the water entered by sweeping over a ford—a very high bank, plentifully garnished with a heavy growth of alder, whose branches, but the day previous submerged beneath the water, together with a very battered-looking willow tree, had been cut by me when white trout-fishing the evening before, and now it was a comparatively easy matter to work the pool; but although the water, wind, and clouds could scarcely have been in more favourable condition, I rose but one fish about the middle of the pool, and this one would not yield to the snare of the tempter and rise to the fly a second time.

The crack pool of the upper waters, “Poul-a-Benny,” was my next venture. This, a very large and, except at the rock, very deep and wide body of water, is a free-taking lodge, and is said to hold more salmon than any other hole in the river. It is also, unfortunately, very easily dragged with a net, and no later than a week previous a long small-meshed and new net was captured by some energetic members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who are stationed in a village close by. On attempting to clear away some of the alders which obstructed the fishing of this fine pool but the evening before, the axe, which was very sharp, slipped, and glancing from off a branch, entered deep into my wrist and severed a large vein. I bled like the proverbial pig for close on half-an-hour, when with the assistance of a boy who was passing I succeeded in stanching the blood, but my fishing was stopped for the day. Later on, when the wound was dressed, the doctor told me that I was within an ace of cutting an artery, when, without proper assistance, the consequences might have been serious. And now regarding a cut in the neighbourhood of the wrist I will digress somewhat. When in North America I was told by a sporting friend

that an Indian hunter whom he knew, having wounded a wild turkey, an “old Tom,” or cock bird, the latter took refuge in some dense brush. The Indian crawled in after him, and when about to seize the turkey, the latter made a slap with his legs at the hunter's wrist, and drove one of his spurs so well home that an artery was severed, and before he could obtain assistance the man had bled to death.

“Poul-a-Benny” did not stand well to me on this occasion. My wrist was tightly bound up, and was very stiff from the effects of the wound, so that I could not cover some of the best lies to my satisfaction. At the lower end one salmon came at the fly, but in rather a more dead than alive fashion, and could not be induced to return to the attack again. This pool being, as I have already mentioned, one easily dragged by a net, as a matter of course greatly to the detriment of the fishing, one of the conservators, *a la* the sinking by Hobson of the Merrimac in the passage to Santiago Harbour, conceived the laudable idea of sinking a boat at the narrow neck of the pool. Assisted by a few men, the boat, a flat-bottomed affair, was filled with stones and sunk on her beneficent mission. Like the Yankee hulk, this Irish edition of the Merrimac did not exactly turn out a success, as on the evening of the day regarding which I write, some two miles down the river, I discovered her lying close to the bank, and as I once heard a Chinaman who got a spill from a horse describe it, “top-side, bottom-side,” she lay. This Merrimac appeared to be a total wreck, and had been deserted by her crew. The flood which occurred during the previous night must have started the doomed vessel on her fatal voyage. When first I came on the bank of this pool a kingfisher got up from a decayed log and flashed like a gay meteor down the river.

Having had an early breakfast, I was now feeling ready for lunch, so made for a public-house, of a rather better class than the ordinary run of country ones, and where I received very kind treatment the evening before, so here I knew that I should get something good to help to wash the lunch down. It is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Clancy, and I feel confident that if they had a guest-room for anglers they would not regret it. A couple of clean beds would be a great boon, as one could then remain over-night, and be out early on the river, for the morning train from the East lands one at Madore a trifle too late. After lunch, and a short rest, my intention was to fish on to Skibbereen. I therefore walked the road for about a mile, then crossed a couple of fields, which landed me at the “Rock Hole.” The current enters this through a narrow neck, and between two large rocks, the stream then suddenly widens out into a broad, long reach, with the current inclining towards the left bank, and altogether it is a very taking-looking run. I know, too, from a somewhat extensive acquaintance with it, that few reaches can better yield salmon from their depths than this same one. It did not lower itself in my estimation either on this my first visit to it of the season, and here a very curious incident occurred. I had not taken many casts, and had just got clear of a small clump of alder, when a fish made a very nice roll at the fly, and raising the point of the greenheart, I joyfully found that I was firm in him. Up stream he tore, until he entered the strong water at the neck of the reach; there he turned and came swiftly down; across the stream was his next move, and when close to the bank he leaped wildly from out of the water. These sort of antics soon had the effect of taming the game little chap. The fish in the Ilan do not run very large, as a rule ranging from 4lb. to 8lb. in weight, but when fresh up they are vigorous, and fight out the struggle to the bitter end. The little gentleman I had in tow was 6½lb., and ere long I had him rolling in on the surface towards me. The bank here, in addition to being steep, was in places covered with some willows, together with a lot of tangled briars. After having selected the best landing-place in view, I descended, and carefully led the fish towards it. He approached in the most amiable manner imaginable, but, just as I was reaching out the gaff for the stroke, he appeared to wake up, and, making a sudden dart, entangled himself in a mass of sunken briars, and for a moment I could not put in the stroke. His head then appeared, and, making a quick draw, I drove the steel home and lifted him out. In crawling up the intricate side of the bank, however, I made a false step, chiefly owing to my injured wrist. The salmon gave a plunge, and, dropping off, fell into and was lost to view in the brown-coloured depths of the water, taking with him the fly as a souvenir of our meeting, and I fear anything but my blessing too. Matters up to this had not exactly “panned out” quite to my liking, but frequently the darkest hour is that before the dawn. Having mounted another fly, similar in size and pattern to that so rudely taken from me by the escaped fish, slowly, and not in an enviable frame of mind, I proceeded to the head of the reach, in order to run the fly over it again. I had not, however, got out quite sufficient line for the first cast before a salmon rose a little below me and in about the middle of the river. I, as a matter of course, thought it was a fresh fish, and was proceeding to carefully fish down to him, when to my surprise I saw him come up again and struggle on the surface of the water. It then flashed on me that it was the fish I had lost which was acting in this strange manner, and, hastily going down until opposite, I soon saw him floating motionless, and going slowly along broadside on to the current. Pulling my knickers up as high as possible, I proceeded to the tail of the reach, waded in, and, planting myself in the way of the seemingly dead fish, awaited his approach. Down he floated, into my very mouth as one might say, and, planting the gaff in proper position, I soon had him on shore. The salmon, on being impaled on the gaff a second time, gave a very faint kind of flutter. His feeble condition and subsequent capture were owing to my first stroke, which caused the steel to penetrate to the brain, without which I should never have got him, as he had still life enough left to get safely away. The fly, still fixed firm in his tongue, being uninjured, I remounted it, and in the next pool, a rough and rapid one, I got into a smaller fish, which immediately dashed down a long and shallow scour, where he indulged in some curious vagaries, his back being out of the water during most of the time.

My intention being now to carry the two salmon to the public-house, and then on to the station *en route* for Dunmanway, in the road I met a cart belonging to a friend, and to the man in charge I gave the fish, telling him to take them on to Skibbereen; and having safely got rid of the weight, I was now free to fish the river on to the town. About a mile further down I came on the excise officer for the district taking his rod to pieces. He had been out for a short time, but having had no sport he was about to start for home. On learning that I intended to fish the river until darkness put a stop to it, and as he was a novice in the matter of salmon-fishing, he there and then elected to accompany me. As the pools were broadening as we proceeded down stream, I put up as dropper another favourite fly, the “Jim Keogh,” already described in “Holiday Sporting Resorts” in the *Irish Field*. With this, when about half-way through a nice pool, I got into a third fish. This one, which was quite fresh from the sea, was the largest killed, and as it was a very difficult place to

manoeuvre over, owing to the large boulders which in a state of chaos were strewn along the bank, and the fish played in a very lively manner, I had with this one the most exciting sport of the day ere he stretched his length on the sward. I rose another some pools further down; he, however, had the good sense, or, to my way of thinking, the extreme bad taste, not to try again, and as darkness was now rapidly falling, and there lay rather more than two miles between us and the town, I gave up, after having, in this very bad season (seemingly all over the kingdom, too), enjoyed what, if not exactly a first-class, was at any rate a by no means to be sneered at day's sport.

Poisoning in many, over-netting at the mouth of the majority of our rivers, and the wholesale slaughter of the spawning fish in the tributaries and other waters during the winter months, are, in my humble opinion, responsible for the abnormal scarcity of salmon during the past and present seasons. There is a great amount of talk indulged in as to what remedies should be adopted, but matters appear to end there. Indeed, unless the Government take the matter in hand, I fear but little will be done, and meanwhile our salmon are steadily on the decrease, and in time may possibly follow the example of the dodo.

CHERRY BRANDY.



MOST Britishers who have shot quail in California say they are the gamest birds that fly; and they are not far wrong. One needs to be in a good quail country, by which I mean ground with rolling hills and canyons, where there is good covert and water for the dogs. Pointers and setters are used, just as the former were on old-fashioned English stubbles, or the latter are in Scotland when grouse-shooting to-day. Some of the quail ground in Southern California resembles Scotch grouse moors. The brush is about the same height as heather, and when one gets two or three hundred quail scattered along a hillside, and a couple of good dogs to shoot over, even the owner of a first-class moor would not complain of the sport. The first illustration in this article shows a pointer and setter "down-charging" on a Californian hillside. In front of them lies part of the bag, which consisted of FIFTY-SIX QUAIL IN THREE HOURS. Many attempts have been made to establish this first-class game bird in England, but so far without success. Californian quail are larger than the quail of Europe, and crested. They rise and fly like partridges, but get away quicker and fly faster, and as they are only half the size of partridges, they take some hitting. They run when winged, and need a good dog to retrieve them. There are two kinds found in California, the mountain quail and the valley quail. The former are a little larger, but as they live in the mountains amongst timber and dense brush one does not get much sport with them.

Wildfowl shooting in California is not less excellent. Duck swarm down from the north as winter sets in in the sub-Arctic belt. The delta of the Yukon river is said to be the breeding ground *par excellence* of the duck found later in the swamps and streams of the West. Millions of eggs are hatched out in the



FIFTY-SIX QUAIL IN THREE HOURS.

inaccessible swamps of the coast of the far North-West, just as the ducks of the Eastern States breed in the swamps of Labrador. In California most of the duck-shooting is done in the valleys; but the best shooting is in the north. When the swamps freeze up, the ducks move to the creeks and running streams, where there is always good feed. There is a certain small valley in

North-East California, about twenty miles in length, where I shoot nearly every winter, which would be difficult to beat, either in the quality of the sport or the variety of the wildfowl one kills. All the best varieties are there—canvas backs, mallard, pintails, teal, widgeon, wood duck, and others. The wild geese include brent, grey geese, honkers, speckled, and others.

The second illustration in this article shows the bag made in AN AFTERNOON'S SHOOT IN OREGON, with the dogs which assisted. One of these dogs, the spaniel, appears in the next picture, which shows the result of DUCK-SHOOTING NEAR KLAMATH FALLS. Very pleased with himself he looks, and as if quite aware that he is sitting for his portrait. When one grows tired of duck-shooting one can go up into the mountains and try for black-tailed deer, which work south when the snow falls. The bear then move into the mountains, to lie up in holes for the winter. My OLD BEARHOUND, the one in the photograph with his feet on ski, or snow-shoes, is an old timer at bear and deer. Dutch and I have hunted bear in Alaska, and hunted together in Idaho, British Columbia, and Eastern Oregon, and when a bear or deer is hit he will soon nail him. He has been in at the death of several bears and dozens of deer. Of course he has had several close shaves. One old wounded bear knocked him over when he was a little too fresh, as they say; the other hound had the bear by the ear, and Dutch made a rush, but got swiped up, and would



AN AFTERNOON'S SHOOT IN OREGON.

have had his back broken by the old bear's jaw, but a trapper went for the bear, and drawing his Winchester repeater hit the bear in the ribs, when he dropped Dutch and made a grab at the trapper; but as he turned old Dutch got him by the hind leg, and they soon stretched him out, as he was not a big bear, only weighing about 250lb. Another time Dutch was chasing a wounded bear up a steep, rocky hill, having a go at the bear every other jump, when the bear slipped and rolled back clean over the old dog; but the bear received another bullet as he got on to his legs again, and that finished him.

THE CABIN in the photograph belongs to some trappers I have hunted with several years, and a great many bear and deer have been hauled up to it. There is not very much snow in this picture, but it is sometimes very deep in North California in the winter, often running to 10ft. in depth all over the mountains. The two hounds by the cabin door are bear catchers. The one in front is old Dutch. He has a big scar between his eyes, where a panther with a broken paw cut him very badly, but he held on in spite of the wound till one of us came up and shot the panther dead. The skin measured 7ft. 6in. in length. Panthers are awful cowards, and the dogs tree them at once when they jump them. The only way to kill them as a rule is to follow their trail on the snow, unless you have the extraordinary luck to come right on to one accidentally.

Snow-shoeing is pretty hard work in the mountains, and one's cartridge-belt is often drawn into the last hole before one gets in at night; but when trappers have been along for a few days they make a regular trail, which makes the going easier.

The best time to hunt black tail is when the first snow comes and lies about 6in. deep, as most of the brush which they are fond of hiding behind is then laid flat. In starting out after black tail, everyone takes a line of his own, and travels till he cuts the trail of a few deer, and then follows it up. It may be an hour, or even several hours, before one comes up with them, and then possibly a miss follows, and there is no



DUCK-SHOOTING NEAR KLAMATH FALLS.

venison. Two of us wounded a large buck (black tail) early one morning, but he got away after we had followed him for several hours. As he carried a nice head, we felt rather bad after our non-success. Next day we hit his trail again where we left off the day before, and in the two days we tracked that wounded buck twenty-one and a-half hours, and then did not get him. We shot at him near the cabin the first morning, and we left him still going for the edge of the lava beds. H. C. NELSON.



MY OLD BEARHOUND.



SPORT IN OTHER LANDS: HUNTING ON SKI.

ON A LONG-LINER.

WE had been out since early morning, and the beer and the pasties were finished; moreover, the pollack and the whiting had been slow to bite; although Peter Oddy would fain have had us try other marks (for he always blamed himself if the fish were not plentiful), we were soon resolved to seek the harbour. The killick was hauled up, and in half-an-hour the sail came down, and Peter stood up with a paddle over the stern, and proceeded to scull us to the landing-steps, whose fringe of brown weed now hung motionless in air above the lazy waters.

The Thomas and James, a big long-liner, had been poled down from the inner harbour so that she might get away whenever she chose. We had not made the acquaintance of the crew, but we knew the habits of the place, and the easy courtesy of its inhabitants, and so at a word to Peter we drew near to the boat.

"Do you care to have company to-night?"

The big man to whom we had spoken looked down impassively at another who squatted on the deck engaged in the task of baiting his share of the hooks. This man muttered something, and the big man replied to us: "You're welcome to come, I believe, but I wouldn't say we shall be able to land 'ee in port to-morrow morning. I wouldn't say but what we shall make for Falmouth."

This daunted us not at all. "Well," said the man, "if you're going to come with us, you must look sharp. We shall be off about four o'clock." Half-a-dozen decent pollack were flung on deck as a reply to this, and we made for the hotel. We took our food in a hurry, the while a basket was being filled with sustenance for the night. When we got down to the harbour-side there was still plenty of time of course. The four men and the boy who made up the crew had already gathered by the steps, but we had time to know one another before the hired punt was ready. At last she came, however, an aged mariner sitting at the oars, and the men descended one by one with a musical *cl-clunk* of heavy boots upon the granite steps. We followed and got aboard.

Two of the men had been too lazy to bait their shares of 300 hooks apiece, and so there lay on the decks a goodly pile of pilchards cut in halves by a diagonal cut. You never saw colours more beautiful than this mingling of rose-pink with the metallic green and blue of the backs, and the silver of the bellies. As soon as we were clear of the harbour these two began their task; one man lay on the deck with his back against the bulwarks, while the big man stood with the tiller between his legs, and thus managed the important business of steering. At first we walked about; then one of us followed the example of the man who was lounging, and he, though he had seemed enormously content with his position, immediately rose and went below. In a few moments he reappeared with his pillow, which he flung across the deck to the visitor. "You'll find it a sight more comfortable if you do put that behind your back," he said.

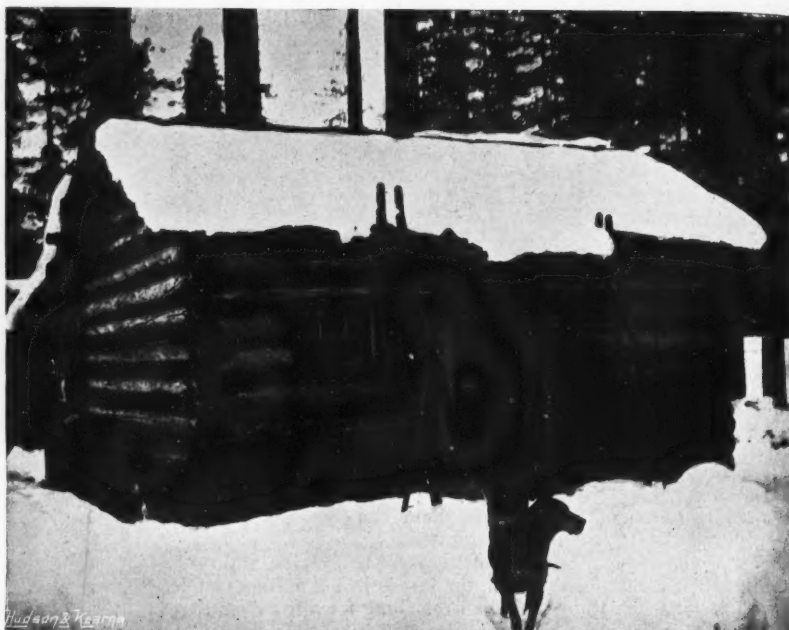
The long panorama of the land went by us as we sailed towards the south-east. The sun fell in the west, and the water took a cold glazed look and lost transparency. After a while it was pleasant to go below for a little, and to take food in shelter from the chill of the wind. The boy was still reposing in his bunk, a deep pigeon-hole, with an aperture of about 15 in., which must have reached right back to the stern-post. You wondered if he could ever get out again, except someone should pull at the feet, which were the only part of his body remaining visible.

We went on deck again, and now the sky had so far darkened that one or two stars crept out. There were no clouds, and the dew made everything clammy to the touch. The two lights of the Lizard seemed close at hand; much further off was St. Anthony Light. A great liner went by, and one of the fishermen cursed her gently under his breath. Then the boy was roused, and in a little while we had "the Lizard Lights two in one, with St. Anthony just dipping"; we strangers got out of harm's way, and the line splashed overboard. Then the sail went down, we anchored, and one of the visitors (I remember) went below again and warmed himself at the little stove, for it was abominably cold on deck, though the night would have seemed perfect had one been ashore. But in an hour the big man put his head in at the scuttle: "If you do want to see the fish you'd better come on deck at once."

The lantern had been put out while we were waiting; so that if a steamer had come that way— But now it was lighted again, and the dim light made a cavern in the dark wherein it was possible to see the figures of the men, strained violently by the exercise of getting the line aboard. One had hoped for a considerable capture, but yard after yard of the line appeared, each with its vacant hook. At last there came a large conger, which struggled furiously with vicious grunts. It only succumbed after several violent blows across the head. Other congeners there were, and one or two cod, a few ling, and one or two bream. But when the line had all been recovered, only some five or six and twenty fish had been caught and cast into the hold, although the hooks attached to the line had numbered 1,200. One did not need to know much of the prices which obtain when such fish as these are sold upon the quay, to realise that the Thomas and James had done about as badly as she could.

The crew, however, had followed this calling all their lives, and it is a calling which makes philosophers out of even the most ordinary men. They had done their best and were now tired. If it had not pleased Providence to reward them adequately, that was plainly the affair of Providence. They went below, and proceeded to cook a crayfish which had been foolish enough to get attached to the line. They were going to eat it while it was still hot, and the odour filled the stuffy little cabin. Then it was that one of the visitors went on deck, and lay on his back, shivering in the folds of a wet sail as he stared up at the "sad sight" of the stars that blazed in thousands out of a velvety fathomless sky. At last he went below and got into a bunk, and when he awoke the boat was just off Falmouth; there was no wind, and the early sunlight made the sea a plain of silver.

Then it was that bottled beer and a pasty seemed the most desirable things on earth, and while those were being discussed, we observed a thing that should interest everyone who is given to wondering how life goes at the bottom of the sea.



SPORT IN OTHER LANDS: THE CABIN.

The 1,200 hooks had been in deep water for little over an hour, and about four-and-thirty fish had been caught. Those that remained at liberty had feared the anger of the conger, even when they saw him disabled and a prisoner. Of the rest some six or eight of the fish captured lay about the deck discarded. They had no sooner been hooked than others of their kind had come down and eaten them alive. Many were fearfully mangled; all were utterly unsaleable. So that the struggle for life is as hard among the fishes as among the men who must toil all night for what will sell for only a few shillings.

A passing pilot-tug took us into Falmouth through a scene of placid morning beauty. A little—a very little—money was distributed among the crew, and the big man insisted on conducting us to the bus which was to take us homewards. The bus had started, and we took a cab, and finally overtook it. Then we drove across country, desperately tempted to sleep, but kept awake by the beauty of a fine October morning. We saw the champion wresler of Cornwall striding the barren acres of a little upland farm. Then we descended again and came to the quietest town in the whole wide world. Thence we walked out to the village, laden with all the extra clothes one feels to be necessary if one is to spend a night at sea in October.

It is pleasant to add, that at seven o'clock next morning the Thomas and James came back to the village and sold some sixteen conger at 33s. and nine and a-half dozen ray at 60s.

The Old English Sheepdog, and Some Poultry.

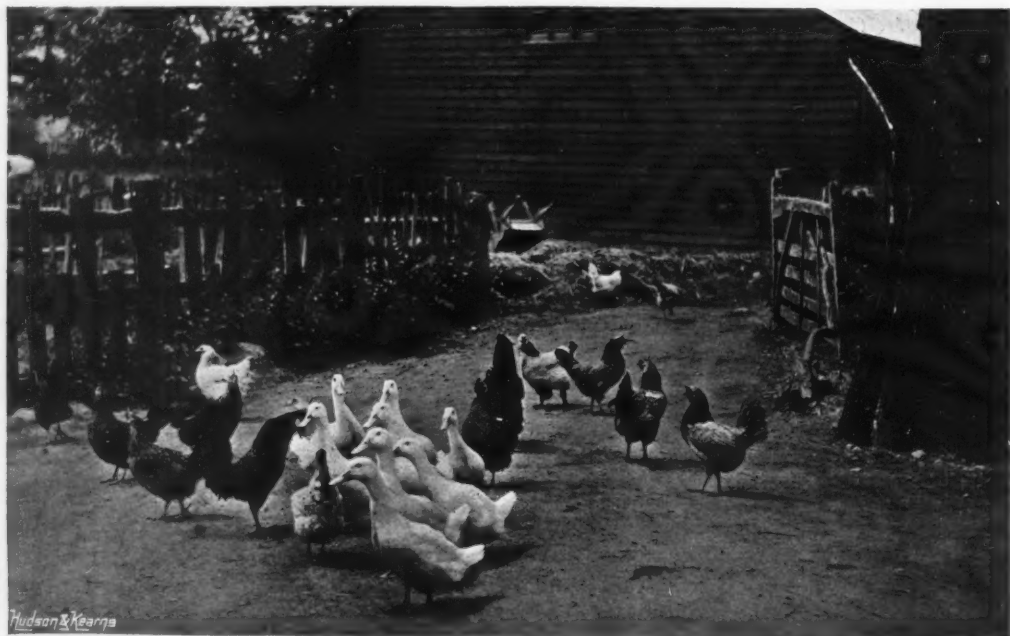
IF the progress made by the Old English Sheepdog Club since its formation a few years ago has been slow, it has certainly been sure, and not since the secession of its members from the Collie Club has the fancy been in a healthier

condition than it is at present. The number of breeders of the variety is not large, but one has but to visit such a show as Manchester or the Crystal Palace to find that its admirers are certainly enthusiastic. It is in fact their allegiance to a breed

members of the Collie Club declared to be a mongrel that has brought it to its present popularity, and now there are few first-class shows which do not include a section for the shaggy, picturesque-looking dog known as the bobtail or Old English Sheepdog.

One of the earliest members of the club formed to protect the interests of the variety was Mr. F. W. Wilmot, whose kennel in the heart of Kent it was our privilege to visit a few weeks ago. Since then Mr. Wilmot has been honoured by an invitation to judge the variety at the National Dog Show to be held in Birmingham as usual in the Smithfield week. A short account of a visit to Mr. Wilmot's kennel could not therefore be given at a more opportune time.

A short drive from Duntun Green, a village within walking distance of Sevenoaks, brought us to Froghall, a dairy farm occupied for some



T. Fall,

A CORNER OF THE YARD.

Baker Street.

years by Mr. Wilmot. It is a very old place and well suited for the pursuit of its owner's hobby. That he has made it a successful one is proved by the many trophies adorning his old-fashioned smoking-room. Sheepdogs reared at Froghall have earned very high honours, whilst Mr. Wilmot's strain of poultry and waterfowl, specimens of which are included in the picture *A CORNER OF THE YARD*, have been exported to all parts of the world. The fowl now very widely known as the Eynsford was, in fact, first introduced by Mr. Wilmot, and although it has not perhaps become so extensively known as its near neighbour, the Orpington, it is very highly valued among breeders keeping fowls more for profit than for pleasure. The Aylesbury ducks sent out from Froghall have also gained a high reputation, and with the poultry and the Old English Sheepdogs take up a lot of their owner's time. That they flourish, however, is evident by their appearance, and on the occasion of our visit all seemed in perfect condition.

It must, we could not help thinking, have been a matter of considerable difficulty to first accustom the dogs to the presence of the feathered inhabitants of Mr. Wilmot's yard, for now they run about together without the slightest interference with one another. In ordinary circumstances one would naturally expect the Madras game bird the owner of Froghall is so fond of to object to the presence of such shaggy members of the establishment as are included in the group *A MIXED BAG*. On the other hand, one would not be surprised to note brood bitches objecting to the inquisitiveness of the fowls sharing the farm buildings with the Old English Sheepdogs. The nature of the latter, coura-

geous, non-meddling, and good-tempered, no doubt accounts for the absence of quarrels or disturbances of any kind between the two sections of the Froghall farmyard favourites. One of the bobtail bitches showed her utter disregard of the presence of the poultry by making her preparations for bringing a family into the world in a corner of the barn also used by some of the sitting fowls. A fine litter she had too at the time of our visit, and no human mother was ever more proud of her offspring than was this faithful old bobtail. She is naturally a very great favourite, and it was no doubt our introduction by Mr. Wilmot that accounted for her readiness to allow the writer to handle and



T. Fall,

ORSON.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

CUPID'S DART.

Baker Street.

closely examine her pretty and very promising puppies. No other visitor was allowed to go near them, even Mr. Fall, who has the happy knack of being able to make friends with most animals, being refused the privilege of going near the snug corner

in the old barn she had claimed as her own. Mr. Wilmot told us that a peculiar trait in the character of this good dam was that she always selected her own place of whelping. In times gone by he had made preparations for her by clearing a part of the barn, but as she regularly disregarded such hints and persisted in making her own bed, he had ceased to trouble himself about her maternal arrangements.



T. Fall,

A MIXED BAG.

Baker Street.

Her selection of a corner had always proved a wise one, and as dam of many present-day bench winners she had proved an unequalled rearer of young stock.

On the occasion of our visit she seemed especially anxious for the writer to see her puppies, and not once but several times while Mr. Fall was taking photographs she came out into the yard, and by mute appeal asked us to go and have one more look at her little family. She then allowed us to take the youngsters out one at a time, and, in her own language, clearly asked what we thought of them.

This confidence in strangers and love of admiration is, however, characteristic of a variety which only wants to be better known to become more appreciated. As a companion to a shepherd or stockman the Old English Sheepdog, being easily trained and at the same time steady and deliberate in movement, cannot be beaten. In Scotland sheep-farming has been carried on in parts isolated from human habitation, therefore the shepherd and his collie are often separated from human associations for a considerable time. The collie is thus less of a household dog than the bobtail, who, being employed to herd, drive, and watch stock, to guard his master's premises, drive trespassing stock away, and, in fact, act as the friend and associate of his master's family, has developed that charming disposition which has made him one of the best of companions. That all Mr. Wilmot's dogs have had a good training was shown by the way they obeyed his commands, and in *CUPID'S DART*, *ORSON*, and *SIR TATTON*, who were afterwards grouped as *A HAPPY FAMILY*, he has a trio of which any owner would be proud. A word or two as to the training of Sheepdogs—a very simple matter, by the way—may not be amiss,

In the first place, breed from workers if this is possible. This we may add, accounts for the great success of the Lancashire worker, Mr. J. Barcroft, whose wins at trials in different parts of the country have often been referred to in COUNTRY LIFE. See to it that the parents of your puppy were workers; that is half the battle. Then make your puppy fond of you; secure his entire confidence and affection. Never speak a cross word to him; if he needs reproof, administer it in kind and warning tones, for such are far more effectual than the blustering, savage howls some so-called breakers think indispensable. Teach the dog to lie down at the word, the initial step being to gently press him to the ground with the hand at the word "down." Now move away from the dog, and if he rises, return and repeat the lesson. After he will keep his position when you have gone some distance from him, take him out with sheep, and make him lie down; then go round the flock with a pan of food, gathering the sheep until they are between



T. Fall,

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Baker Street.

you and the dog; then call the latter. If he is of the right kind, a few lessons will enable him to comprehend what you

desire him to do, and by waving either hand he will soon understand which side of the flock you wish him to pass by. This is the foundation of training, and, once acquired, the rest of the dog's education is a comparatively simple matter. Remember that it is education you want your dog to have, not the ability to perform certain tricks at the command of his master; for it is not what a Sheepdog does at command that gives him great value, it is what he knows should be done without urging.

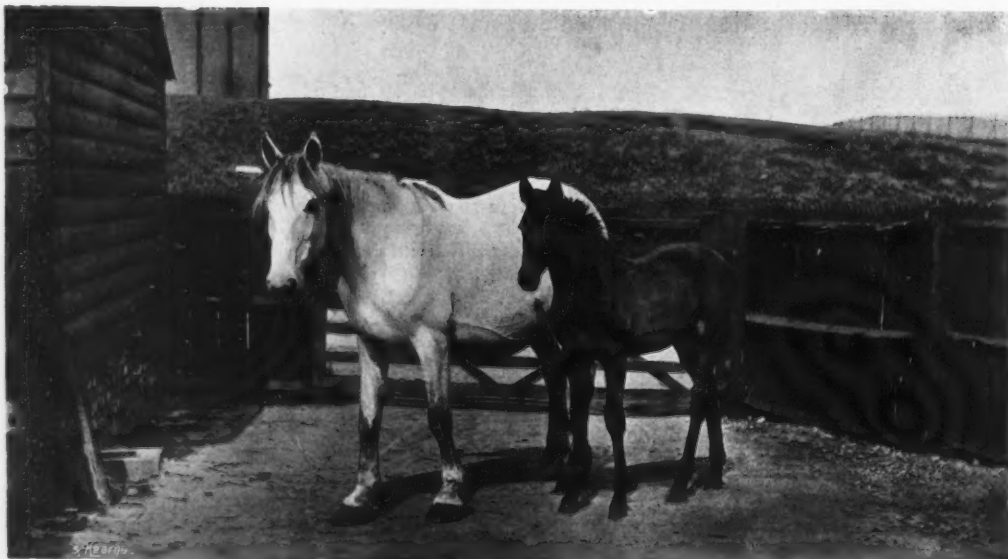
As regards the show-points of the variety, Mr. Wilmot expressed the opinion that the Old English Sheepdog should by no means be too large. Size is not everything, and were some of the enormous specimens reared nowadays required to work sheep, disaster would certainly follow. A Sheepdog should be able to pop in and out of a small gap in a hedge and be as active as a Terrier. The coat should be harsh in texture, and a point often lost sight of by breeders and judges is the substance and strength of the legs and feet. They should be like those of a Foxhound, capable of carrying the animal over the hardest country and through the longest day. It is also perfectly useless showing even the best dogs when they are out of coat. Although the latter grows enormously — six to twelve inches being the most desirable length—it does not require too much grooming, or the shagginess, so picturesque a feature of the variety, stands a chance of being lost. As regards colour, blue or slate, with white markings on the head and legs, is preferable to any whole colour, although many of the dogs now being shown with fair success are quite dark in shadings. In temperament



T. Fall,

SIR TAITON AND ORSON.

Baker Street.



T. Fall.

GREY MARE AND FILLY.

Baker Street.

the breed is very equable, and there are few more lovable or companionable dogs. "I find," continued Mr. Wilmot, "that they are splendid guards and excellent house dogs, for they are cleanly in habit and quiet in movement, and" (this is surely meant for sarcasm) "there is no fear of treading on their tails." Before leaving Frog-hall we had a look round at other stock sheltered here, and, apart from the dairy cows, found one or two hunters worth notice. Mr. Wilmot's favourite is a five year old by Sweetheart, on whose back he has enjoyed many pleasant days with the West Kent and Surrey Fox-hounds, but a much prettier picture secured was that of a grey brood mare with a filly foal at foot by Sir Harry, descended from Hermit. The foal is justly thought much of by her breeder, for she has every appearance of growing into a fine weight carrier. Mr. Wilmot is quite cosmopolitan in his sporting tastes, and is looking forward to riding one of his own horses to victory when the point-to-point season comes round once again.



T. Fall,

"THAT'S A GOOD DOG!"

Faker Street.



THE illustration depicts a rare stove plant seldom seen outside botanic gardens, although its long loose clusters of white flowers terminating slender twining branches possess much beauty. There are many beautiful flowers as rare as if introduced only yesterday, and this we think is due to lessened interest in the plants that require stove temperature. Outdoor gardening is happily engaging more attention than of recent years, but we hope, thankful as we are that the flower garden is the subject of increasing interest, that the many lovely tropical flowers, apart from Orchids, will not be forgotten. The *Henfreyia* is a delightful plant to train against a wall, pillar, or trellis in the hot-house, and, as our illustration reveals, clusters of flowers gathered and put into vases are pretty.

AUTUMN LILIES.

In our travels lately we have seen a few instances in which fine effects have



C. Metcalfe.

A RARE STOVE PLANT (*Henfreyia scandens*).

Copyright.

been obtained by boldly grouping late-flowering Lilies. These kinds are of much value, and contribute brilliant colouring to the garden when summer flowers have flown, or lingering until the first sharp frost ends their season. The Tiger Lily is of splendid colour—rich crimson with darker spots, and seen in a mass the effect is remarkable. It is also happily a Lily that seldom suffers from disease, which is more than can be written of some kinds. The writer saw lately a group of over 100 plants near a colony of *Araucarias*, and no autumn picture could be richer, an intense mass of crimson made more effective still by the sombre colouring of the trees. *Splendens* is the finest variety; the flowers are larger, more brilliantly coloured, and more richly spotted than those of the ordinary form. This is the Tiger Lily that we should plant largely, and it is fortunately reasonable in price.

LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM OR SPECIOSUM.

This is a daintier and fairer Lily than the bold Tiger group, but it is not less vigorous and hardy or more prone to disease. Associated with dark-leaved shrubs, planted in front of them, or in beds upon the outskirts of the lawn, the garden gains in beauty during September and early October. The *Speciosum* Lilies are, indeed, the last to leave, and they succeed as well in pots as in the open garden. We have seen them used also in tubs with great effect, and a group thus planted we hope soon to illustrate. There are several forms, and we may remark that the group is known under both names in catalogues—*lancifolium* or *speciosum*—hence we give them both. The white varieties are delicately beautiful and pleasing grouped with the kinds named *roseum* and *rubrum*, in which the pure whiteness is almost hidden by a suffusion and spots of rose of varying depth. Of the white kinds, *Album*, *Kraetzerei*, and *Album novum* are the most beautiful, *Kraetzerei* being the one to plant largely in the open. Very handsome varieties, richly spotted, are *Melpomene*, *roseum superbum*, and *macranthum*. These Lilies are also valuable for cutting for vases, and they remain many days in beauty.

HARDY CYCLAMENS.

These are charming in the autumn, when in the rock garden, or near shrubberies, where their flowers peep up from the surface, and make delightful colonies of varied colour, from white through rose to deepest crimson. When the corns are of fair age they throw up masses of bloom, and in mild winters flowers appear until spring comes, when other species are in beauty. The leaf-colouring, also, of *C. hederacolum* is very pretty, almost as much so as the neat, brightly-coloured flowers. Peaty loose soil, shelter, and moderately dry position are necessary.

LATE-FLOWERED CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By these we mean the quite hardy kinds, *C. latifolium* and *C. uliginosum*, which, planted well, are very beautiful until late in the year. They combine with the Starworts and Flame-flowers to make our gardens enjoyable far into the autumn. Of the first-named there are several forms, some with larger and bolder flowers than others. These are effective on the plant and when cut. We enjoy these bold, white, hardy flowers on moonlit autumn evenings; when the silvery whiteness of the flowers has a peculiarly beautiful effect, especially in the case of the vigorous *C. uliginosum*, or Moon Daisy. The writer has this established in a rough portion of the garden, where the plant may increase year after year without hindrance, and nothing is more beautiful than its slender stems of Daisy-like flowers. It is a pity flower gardeners do not establish more a few good plants, and let them run where they care to. Through this we once saw an old ditch filled with the Moon Daisy, a picture, indeed, when not a few gardens were a mass of corruption. Autumn, after a sharp frost, is not always a pleasant season in the garden.

BULB PLANTING.

This should be in full swing now—at least, *Daffodil*, *Hyacinth*, *Crocus*, and similar things may be put in, leaving the *Tulips* until quite the end of the month. Remember, too, in planting bulbs that a reserve garden is useful—we mean a portion set apart simply to supply cut flowers for the house. One may plant Spanish and English *Irises*, *Daffodils*, and *Snowdrops* in the fruit garden amongst the bushes if sufficient space is available. Of *Daffodils* for cutting, always purchase well-known varieties, such as *Obvallaris*, *Horsfieldi*, *Johnstoni*, *Queen of Spain*, *Poet's kind*, *Barri Conspicuus*, and *Princeps*. Spanish *Irises* are very reasonable in price also, and make a charming display. The flower colouring is very dainty and varied.

GARDENS AND THE DROUGHT.

The severe drought, pleasant though it has been to those who have

everything to gain by weeks of brilliant sunshine, has sorely tried our gardens. There would be less cause for grumbling, however, if deep digging and thorough mulchings were practised. A deep, well-tilled rich soil needs little in the way of water, even through periods of drought; and this we know from experience. We have lately seen Sweet Peas flowering freely which throughout the summer have given basketfuls of flowers, whereas in other gardens the plants quickly ceased through drought. The simple reason was that in the first case the soil was thoroughly prepared, and cool mulchings were given, whilst decayed flowers were gathered before seed pods formed. What applies to the flower

garden applies also to other departments. The well-managed garden has suffered little, comparatively, from the trying summer.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—We have received bulb catalogues containing useful information from Mr. C. R. Shilling, Winchfield, Hants, and from Messrs. R. Wallace and Co., Kinfield Gardens, Colchester, whose catalogue concerns the beautiful Calochorti and other interesting plants. Roses of all kinds are described, and in many cases illustrated, in the autumn catalogue of Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross.

FLOCKS OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

THE Sussex Downs are the finest chalk hills in England; and as chalk downs produce the best sheep, the South Downs naturally produce the best flocks in this country. Space, air, dryness, and fine delicate pasture are what sheep need most, and though art did much to engender the South Down sheep in its present perfection, Nature did more. The scene in our first illustration, A SOUTH DOWN FLOCK FEEDING, gives some idea of the kind of country which nourishes these high-bred animals. Nowhere else in England, not even on Salisbury Plain, are there such vast areas of open upland, unbroken by bush, copse, crag, or stone, open to every ray of sun and every puff of air, and covered by thousands and thousands of acres of primeval turf. This natural carpet consists of the finest and sweetest grasses, tiny blue flowers of milkwort creeping among the turf, little beds of thyme, and miniature flowers of rock-rose, blue harebell, and dwarf wild campanula. The southerly and easterly breezes which blow over it are salty and fresh from the sea, and the whole surface of the soil is dry, sweet, elastic, and invigorating.

The form and points of the South Down breed may be judged from the figures of the grazing sheep. They are small in frame, hornless, and have brown faces and fine close wool. In a show, South Downs are far the prettiest sheep, and also the most intelligent. The shepherds make regular toilets for them every morning. The wool is carefully trimmed till it looks just like a cushion of moss covering the sheep; your hand sinks into it and then springs back if you press it. But this clipping and cushion-making does not complete the South Down's toilet. Cosmetics are next applied, and the coat is dyed a delicate salmon-pink or saffron colour.

Some years ago at a Christmas show the writer watched a little prize South Down stealing "cake," which, though only linseed cake, it no doubt liked as much as children do plum cake.



T. Fall,

A SOUTH DOWN FLOCK FEEDING.

Baker Street.

The cake, broken up into bits, was lying outside the sheep's pen, in the mouth of a bag. The sheep could not reach this with its mouth, but it put one fore leg through a gap in the hurdles, and drew one piece in after another with its foot. When it had annexed as many pieces as it could reach, it pressed its foot on the mouth of the bag itself, and dragged the whole supply nearer.

MAKING UP THE FLOCK is one of the most important events of the flock-master's year. All the sheep are gathered to some central spot, where there is a yearly meeting of owner, manager, and shepherds. The costume of the Sussex shepherd became the regular costume of rustics on the stage when the stage became realistic; and it is curious to note that this historical dress only survives in stage costume. But Mr. Pepys has left us in his diary a description of the old shepherds of the Downs in the days of Charles II., so charming that we quote it in full: "And so the women and W. Hewes and I walked upon the Downes," he writes, "where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life—we found a shepherd,

and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father and talked with him. . . . He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs I ever saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world into my mind for two or three days after."

This picture of the old shepherd with his boy and his Bible and his crook, and their "eager, interested worldly interviewer," then proceeds: "We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours, mixed, and his shoes shod with iron shoes, both at the toes and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty



T. Fall,

MAKING UP THE FLOCK.

Baker Street.

pretty, and, taking notice of them, 'Why,' says the poor man, 'the Downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are faine to shoe ourselves thus; and these,' says he, 'will make the stones fly till they sing before me.' I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and did try to cast stones with his horne crooke."

In modern times, when the sheep are all collected in autumn, all the old ewes are drafted off and sent to farms on lower ground where the food is plentiful and soft—turnips, cake, and the like—to be fattened, as their teeth are no longer what they were. The young and healthy are kept to make up the breeding flocks, and are all carefully marked. The picture of the LAMBING PENS shows the substantial arrangements made to shelter the sheep at this critical time. The lambs are born in the outer sheds, those roofed with straw, and protected against rough winds by a thick belt of trees. Then they are removed to the inner yard, where they are kept warm by piles of straw. The shepherds at this time sleep in the railway carriage which stands on the right of the yard gate, an ancient "cast-off" of the London, Brighton,



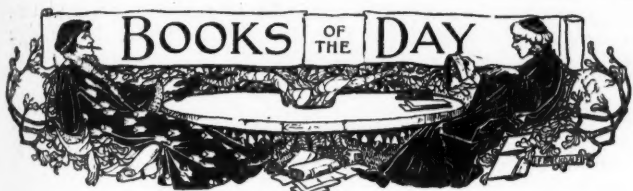
T. Fall,

LAMBING PENS.

Baker Street.

and South Coast Railway. In front is a permanent water supply laid on with pipes from a reservoir on the side of the hill. Beyond are the great rolling waves of chalk down, the summer feeding ground of the lambs born in this comfortable home-stead.

C. J. CORNISH.



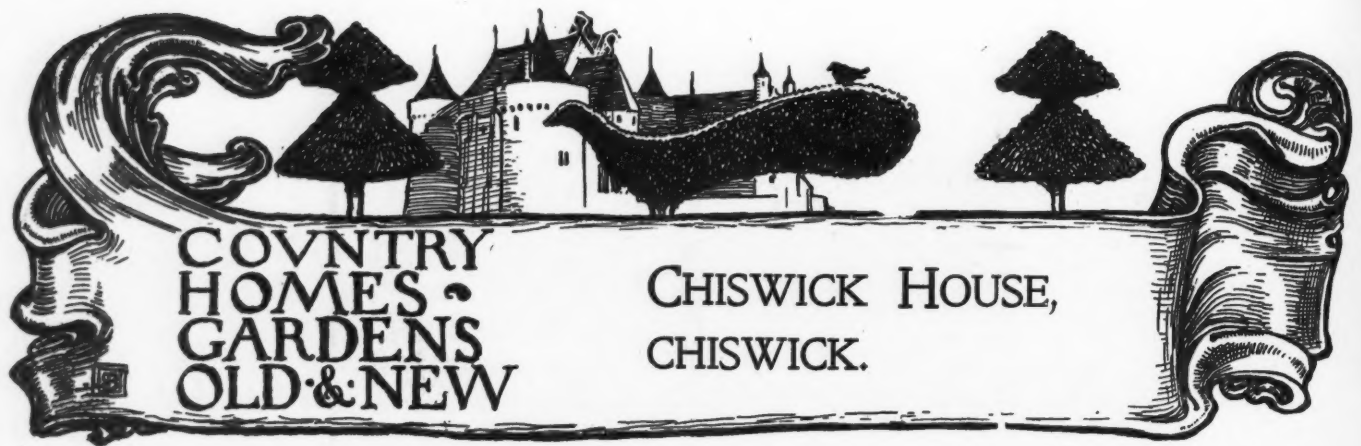
THE flood of books begins to run high, and the time has come when there is danger lest works which would have been assured of detailed notice a month ago should escape comment altogether among the multitudes. Of those which are selected for observation to-day two are translations. The first, "Fashion in Paris, 1797-1897" (Heinemann), is translated from the French of Octave Uzanne, by that accomplished person, Lady Mary Loyd, and is illustrated by no less than 100 coloured plates and 250 text illustrations by François Courboin. Rarely has the arduous and delicate task of translation been done so well that, as in this case, one can congratulate the translator upon having produced a book which reads as if it had been written originally in lively and graceful English. The illustrations, too, have been reproduced with a skill which is rare in England by the Ballantyne Press; but the drawing of the numerous figures leaves something to be desired. It is not incorrect, but it is stiff, and save for the exquisite colouring, one is reminded from time to time of the all-too-familiar fashion plate. For the matter of the book, which will be fresh most likely to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE for the most part, since the work has not attained a great vogue in this country in its French dress, it may be said that it is an intelligent and penetrating record of much besides the changes of fashion, and that it embodies a pretty philosophy and a valuable account of the evolution of the tone of French Society. The fashions of the present century are, we learn, the logical outcome of the Revolution. "In the beginning these garments of a newly-liberated people left the body free, followed its outlines, and were well-nigh transparent in texture. Their inventors drew their inspiration from Nature and Pagan mythology; they aimed at concealing nothing, and followed the harmonious lines of Greek beauty." The dress of each period reflects the tone. It is stiffer and more cramped under the Empire; it has "the stiff lines and starched manners of a sham Troubadourism" under the restoration. "The year 1830 brought more of the Renaissance; dress was more lissome, more voluptuous; never were fashions more feminine, more subtle, more original, more artistic." To tell the truth, the remarkably clever and readable letterpress enforces this proposition more strongly than the plates relating to the period, in which there is a suspicion of the crinoline, which grew to monstrous dimensions under the Second Empire. Of dress from 1870 Uzanne, with all wise caution, expresses no opinion. "A space of fifteen years must elapse before any definite opinion can be formed of colours and shapes as a whole." But, as I have said, much more than dress is touched upon. Word-portraits of the character and morals of those brainless beauties, the Nymphs and the Merveilleuses; satirical descriptions of the fops of the same period; accounts of the *Bal des Victimes*, at which the guests appeared with hair clipped at the back of the neck as though in readiness for the attentions of Samson; charming pictures of my lady's chamber in 1830—all these, and many things beside, combine to make a most interesting and fascinating book.

Yet another translation, this time of Maurus Jokai's "Egy Magyar Nabob," or "An Hungarian Nabob," by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain. It is published by Messrs. Jarrold. In this case the great Hungarian novelist, in a magnificent work written nearly half a century ago, wins his way straightway and without difficulty to the reader's heart. But the translation is far from being faultless. Ignorant of Hungarian, I am quite willing to accept Mr. Bain's statement that "Only those few hardy linguists who have learnt: in the sweat of their brows, to read a meaning into that miracle of agglutinative ingenuity, an Hungarian

sentence, will be able to appreciate the immense labour of rendering some four hundred pages of a Magyar master-piece of peculiar idiomatic difficulty into fairly readable English." At the same time, it would be easy to translate Mr. Bain's version of the Hungarian into English less stiff and more flowing, and to avoid some of the vulgarisms of English slang into which he has fallen. The story itself is great; great in its direct simplicity, in its presentation of Hungarian characters, which are eminently and evidently typical, and in its purity of thought. There is an air of freshness, too, about this fifty-year-old plot. We meet first the Hungarian nobleman, Squire John, eccentric beyond all precedent, but still natural. To him enter his nephew, Bela Karpathi, a Gallicised fop who abuses Squire John unwittingly before his face. For Bela was waiting for Squire John's estate. Then Bela—he calls himself Abellino—lays a huge wager that he will seduce Fanny Meyer. Now Fanny Meyer is the youngest and most beautiful daughter of a mother who has helped many daughters to their ruin, and her aunt, Theresa, sets herself to save her by receiving her into her house. Abellino and the mother conspire in vain, and eventually Squire John marries the girl so that he may spite his nephew by begetting an heir. And Squire John falls warmly in love with Fanny, and obtains his heir; but she dies in child-bed, which is just as well, for she was breaking her pure heart for love of Rudolf, the husband of her dearest friend. Such is the story; but the situations are too numerous and well devised to be enumerated here, and the drawing of the characters and the display of human passions at work are extremely fine and artistic.

There are pitfalls waiting in the path of him who strives to follow in the footsteps of Dumas, and Mr. R. N. Stephens has not avoided them in "An Enemy to the King" (Methuen). Dumas, indeed, is so great, and his English followers are so little, that I am inclined to advise the historical novel-reader thus, "If you desire to revel in that which is best, confine yourself to Dumas, and read his many novels through. Then read them again. If you want to enjoy many historical novels, eschew Dumas religiously. He will spoil you for all the others." Barring the existence of Dumas, this story of the days of Henri of Navarre would make quite good reading. The Sieur de Tournoire has his adventures in plenty. He is let down out of the palace window by Queen Margaret on a rope; he swims the icy Seine, and dives under the barrier rope; he is chased across half France and escapes; he rescues distressed maidens, and is all but betrayed by the most charming of them; and he is a passing good man of his hands, who never has a moment's difficulty in any of his conflicts with the sword. Yet for all that the book hardly rises above the standard of the stock boy's book, which is a thing far different from the perfect boy's book. "Treasure Island," for example, which is a joy for ever.

"Northward Over the Great Ice" (Methuen) may safely be recommended to those persons whose healthy taste inclines them to follow the straightforward record of heroic travel in the White North. Lieutenant Peary, the traveller and the author of the book, is a modest man and a plain writer. And he stands almost alone amongst Arctic explorers, in that he and his wife earned the greater part of the money that was expended upon his wanderings of 1886 and of 1891-97. Of the many things that he has discovered concerning Arctic travel some are very valuable. For example, he has proved, as Nansen did, that a small expedition, modestly but wisely equipped, may effect wonders, and he has shown that, with luck, a small expedition may feed itself on the fruit of its own bow and quiver, which, being interpreted, are rifles. One thing, however, I could wish to have escaped the genius both of Nansen and him, and that is the possibility of using the sledge-dogs for canine or human food. One is inclined to say, "Eat them in your extremity by all means. But to buy them, and take them out, and make friends of them, and use them as servants, and then to kill and eat them one by one is a sin against Nature." In this, as in other books dealing with the Far North, I find more interest in that which is human than in things which may very likely be of great scientific importance. From this point of view, the capital photographs of the Eskimo people and the description of their ways are of peculiar charm. The whole book is distinctly interesting.



TO speak of Chiswick House as a "country home" may seem inappropriate. Those who know how bricks and mortar are eating into its seclusion may think it especially so. And yet, when you linger in its Italian garden, or traverse its yew walk, or pause by the beautiful water, you will forget that London is at hand, and have no ear for the dull roar of traffic that is borne upon the air. Time was when Chiswick was a delightful suburb of secluded resort, where men courted retirement, and statesmen were brought to die. The famous Earl of Burlington bought the Chiswick House of the Earl of Somerset about the end of the seventeenth century, and built another slightly removed from the position of the older structure, in severely classic style. How they laughed at it, those wits! The "place too small to inhabit and too large to hang to one's watch," and, as Lord Hervey said:

"Possessed of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat;
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell."

But James Wyatt, in 1788, added two wings, enlarging the mansion for the fifth Duke of Devonshire, who did great things for the improvement of Chiswick House. Inigo Jones's famous rusticated gateway, erected at Beaufort House, Chiswick, in 1625, for Lord Treasurer Middlesex, and given by Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington in 1737, had already been brought to the place as a chief architectural adornment, and now stands at the end of the gravel walk along the northern side of the house. At Chiswick House Charles James Fox died in 1806, and George Canning, in the same room, in 1827. A mountain ash grew near the window, and Fox watched its ripening berries as he neared his end. "His last look on that mountain ash," says Earl Russell, "was his last look on Nature." About the year 1814 the Duke of Devonshire—in whose family the property still remains—gave sumptuous entertainments at Chiswick House, and welcomed the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, Marshal Blücher, and other illustrious foreigners. The Queen and Prince Albert visited the house in 1842, and two years later a splendid entertainment was given to foreign



Copyright

THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CHISWICK HOUSE; THE YEW WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright



Copyright

THE CEDAR GROUPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE TREE-SHADED BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

potentates and about 700 of the English nobility. When the Duke of Devonshire ceased to reside at Chiswick, the house was leased to the Prince of Wales, whose children resided there at intervals for several years. It was afterwards occupied by the Marquess of Bute, and is now a private asylum, and its fine grounds are unfortunately being encroached upon by the builder.

The gardens of Chiswick House have always been celebrated. The Earl of Burlington vested them with classic character, and adorned them with many antique and other statues, with urns and buildings. In "Chiswick's bowers" we may picture him receiving his poetic friends, and, says Gay:

"Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach."

Walpole described the garden correctly as in the "Italian taste, but divested of conceits, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements." The garden buildings, however, he thought too heavy, and remarked that the urns and sculpture needed to be retrenched.

Early in the present century the Duke of Devonshire extended the grounds by adding the gardens of Lady M. Coke, which adjoined. In Miss Berry's "Journal," under the date of July 1st, 1813, she says: "The house is down, and in the gardens he has constructed a magnificent hot-house, with a conservatory for flowers, the middle under a cupola. Altogether it is 300ft. long. The communication between the two gardens is through what was the old green-house, of which they have made a double arcade, making the prettiest effect possible." In 1828 Sir Walter Scott went out to Chiswick to find a numerous and gay party "assembled to walk and enjoy the beauties of the Palladian dome." He thought the place and highly ornamental gardens to "resemble a picture of Watteau." There was "some affectation in the picture, but in the ensemble the original looked very well." Sir Joseph Paxton was employed, and under his directions a great deal was done to improve the grounds. In particular, the "Duke's New Road" was opened from Turnham Green, lined with very beautiful lime trees. Until lately the handsome entrance gates were conspicuous, but they have been removed to Devonshire House, Piccadilly. Once they belonged to Lord Heathfield, who lived in a house adjoining Turnham Green Common, in the days when Chiswick possessed the charms of a rural village.

When the writer visited Chiswick House, during the tenancy of the Marquess of Bute, the grounds were of great interest. The ornamental lake formed by the Earl of Burlington was beautiful as of old. About the lawn and in the shrubberies many fine trees were seen. The handsome cedars of Lebanon cast their dense shade over the house, and of the pines, cembra, ponderosa, Lambertiana, and others were making vigorous growth. The lime succeeds wonderfully at Chiswick House, and the glorious avenues of it are amongst the finest in England. Sweet chestnuts, wych elms, beeches, and oaks adorn the spacious grounds. Yew hedges, which are so notable a feature in many gardens, are not absent. The magnolia family is fairly represented, and the big, lily-like flowers of magnolia grandiflora distil their

fragrance in summer evenings; and conspicua, which flowers almost before spring has flown, is beautiful there, too.

Another notable feature is a very fine undergrowth of the Rose of Sharon (*Hypericum calycinum*), largely used as a foreground to luxuriant masses of rhododendrons, which, in early summer, vie with the mock oranges and lilacs in contributing colour to the pleasure grounds. The visitor will notice, also, an aged specimen of the Judas tree (*Cercis siliquastrum*). But, in truth, one cannot walk many yards in these delightful grounds without seeing beautiful trees and shrubs, both deciduous and evergreen.

The camellia house, at the time of our inspection, was unique. There was a splendid collection, the trees being planted out in beds and borders, with fuchsias trained up the roof of the building, which is 100 yards long. A fine old wistaria clothes the gardener's house with lilac blossoms in the early summer. All these things are especially delightful in the situation in which we find them. When one wanders about these leafy grounds all sense of the nearness of a busy suburb is lost. Birds build in the leafy retreats, and fill the air with their melody; flowers lend their colour and fragrance to the pleasant scene; and we feel the calm of satisfaction when, from the embankment against the Burlington lane wall, we are able to gaze across meadows and market gardens to the silvery Thames beyond.

THE COUNT.

IT was a memorable day, the day I met the Count. Late the previous night I received a note from Lord Rollingcash, an old family friend, whose place, Brightsea Hall, lay about ten miles from a fair-sized shoot I was renting at the time. Lord Rollingcash had known me from childhood—indeed, it was through him I had heard that the shoot was to let. He had asked me over to his own place for the opening day of the partridge season, and I had also shot with him on the First of October. The latter day, however, proved a comparatively tame affair, as we only went through some of the outlying copses and scrub to pick up what wild-bred birds there might be about, the leaf being yet too thick to allow of anything like satisfactory work among the large coverts.

Nine o'clock had already struck when Lord Rollingcash's note reached me. "I have suddenly decided," he wrote, "to shoot the home woods to-morrow, instead of next week. Charlie"—his second son—"has quite unexpectedly been called back to India, and has to be on board on Friday morning; so to-morrow will be his last day at Brightsea. Come over if you possibly can. We start at 10.30 sharp. Count de Pontie, a very distant relation on my mother's side, has put in an appearance without announcing his arrival. It is his first visit to England, and he proposes to stay here for a week. I had never seen him till this morning. As he says he is going to shoot, I have not asked anyone but yourself. Four guns are quite enough. Don't trouble to write. Just give my man a verbal answer."

The man was one of Lord Rollingcash's grooms who had ridden over. I gave him a stiff glass of grog, and a message to the effect that I should be over without fail the following morning. Should I not! Not only are the Brightsea home woods the finest coverts in the county, but at the time of which I write, there were never less than 6,000 birds reared on that part of the estate.

At a quarter-past nine the following morning, my man, who always loaded for me on big days, was ready with the dogcart. Never was there promise of a more perfect November day. The sun was rapidly melting the white autumn mist which still hung about the lower land. Where his rays had not yet reached the grass and twigs were white with rime. Not a breath of wind was stirring. The young mare rattled



Copyright

A LEAFY CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

CHISWICK HOUSE: THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

briskly along through the crisp, bracing air. The turret clock was striking ten as we passed through the park gates.

Lord Rollingcash himself met me at the door, and took me through to the spacious oak-panelled hall, where, according to an old-standing family custom, the men always assembled before making a start. Keepers and beaters stood about talking together in low tones, while the butler was busying himself by passing from one to another to see that no glass lacked its natural accompaniment. A log fire, round which were gathered four or five retrievers, blazed merrily in the large grate at the further end of the hall.

Charlie—or, to give him his full title, Lieutenant the Honourable Charles Rollingcash, of the Bombay Staff Corps—who had been talking to the head-keeper, came forward to greet me. A fine, strapping fellow he was—6ft. 2in. in his stockings, and as straight as a lath.

"Awfully glad you could turn up, old chap," he said, gripping my hand. "The governor said he'd told you that I've got to clear off on Friday. Devilish rough altogether—I suppose it'll be three years good before I set foot on the place again. Off to Devonshire the first thing to-morrow morning. Mater and both sisters still down there, you know."

"Where's the Count?" I asked after one of the footmen had brought me some cherry-brandy.

"Disappeared a few minutes ago," was the answer. "He's probably gone upstairs to put a final coat of cosmetique on the points of his moustache. Rummet little beggar I ever came across in my life. Hope to goodness he won't pot a beater, or—Hallo! here he is."

The Count, who had entered the hall at that moment, paused to speak to Lord Rollingcash, thus giving me a good opportunity to study his personal appearance. He was a man of five-and-thirty or forty, with light auburn hair, and a large, fiercely-pointed moustache which looked out of all proportion to the dimensions of its wearer. The Count was slight in build, and some inches below the medium height; his drooping shoulders and narrow chest would have cast Poole himself into the depths of despair. His "get up" was elaborate, to say the least of it—a dark blue velvet Norfolk jacket, a brilliant scarlet tie set off by a large pearl horse-shoe pin, a white deer-stalker hat, and quaintly-cut knickers, in the pattern of which were blended all the hues of the rainbow. His stockings, which boasted not only all the rainbow colours, but several others as well, fitted somewhat baggily about their wearer's abnormally meagre calves; his diminutive feet were encased in patent leather boots with very high heels and very pointed toes. The Count, once seen as I saw him that morning, could never be forgotten.

A few minutes afterwards I found myself walking towards the coverts with the Count by my side. "Ah, but yes," he said, "I am only yesteraiday arrive at zees place, Breeghtsea. Zere are years, years zat I have want to make a meeting wiz my dear relateeve, Lord Rolleeengcash. My great-great-grand-faizaire, ze second Comte de Pontiee, was ze great-grandfaizaire of ze mozaire of Lord Rolleeengcash, who was a Mees de Pontiee and was marry to a Englishman, ze celebrate General Trelawny, so zat you see Lord Rolleeengcash is my cousin of four removes. Years, years I have want to see him, my dear cousin. And Sharlie, he is a fine boy, a beautiful boy, is he not? He has tell me all about ze English way of sport."

"Is it very different from what you are accustomed to in France?" I asked.

"Ah, yes, it is deeffairent—it is deeffairent in some way, but not in ozaires. Round my châteaun in Normandy, zere are miles, miles of forest and lawn, but I am not vairy mush what you call sportsman. Shooting always make me to have a headache. It is ze pong-pong of ze gunpowdaire zat shake me. I like bettaire my books and my painting and my flowers zan ze sport."

"Well, I hope you won't have a headache this morning," I said as the Count paused.

"Ah, but, my good friend, I have it now from aftaire ze travel I have make yesteraiday and ze day before. I shall shoot, yes, at ze first; but if it make my headache worse, zen I shall not shoot more."

As it happened, I found myself badly situated during the first drive, although Lord Rollingcash had placed me at what was usually considered the best corner. The birds all broke away farther down the side of the covert, only three or four, which were duly accounted for, coming within range of where I

stood. While I had the worst place, the Count certainly had the best. Almost directly the beaters entered the covert they flushed a hen bird, which came directly over his head. He fired both barrels, without touching a feather. A few moments later a second bird took the same line, and, like the first one, found itself not a penny the worse after running the gauntlet of the Count's right and left. That fourth shot was the last shot he fired. When the birds began to rise in earnest they came by him in a continuous stream. But he simply looked at them, with his gun over his shoulder. I remember thinking at the time that nothing short of a veritably herculean headache could keep my finger off the trigger under like circumstances.

"Hallo, Count, why the dickens didn't you shoot at them?" It was Charlie who spoke. We had both made our way towards the Count directly the drive was over.

"Ah, my dear Sharlie," he answered, "it is ze headache I tell you of zees morning—my headache of ze travel of yesteraiday. No, I cannot shoot. Pairhaps zees aftairnoon I am bettaire, and zen I try again. Now I go home to rest—to sleep eef I can. Ze pong-pong of ze powdaire make my head feel as eef it tumble in pieces."

A few moments later I saw the Count, with one hand pressed to his forehead, going off in the direction of the Hall.

I refrain from entering into details of the rest of the morning's sport. Let it suffice to say that never in my life had I had better shooting or shot with straighter powder. Lord Rollingcash and Charlie, both of them crack shots, were also in tip-top form. We returned to the Hall for luncheon at 1.30.

"Now, then, only forty-five minutes' law, remember," said Lord Rollingcash, as we entered the house. "We start again at 2.15 sharp. Where is the Count?" he added, turning to one of the footmen.

"The Count, my lord? He's gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"Gone up to London, my lord."

"When did he go?" Lord Rollingcash looked the picture of astonishment.

"About 11.30, my lord. Directly he came back he ordered the dogcart at once, and started as soon as ever it was round at the door. He only just managed to catch the express, my lord—so Thomas told me."

"Did he change his things?"

"No, my lord. He put on his long ulster and another hat, but that was all. He didn't take his portmanteau; he took a Gladstone of your's, my lord, instead."

Lord Rollingcash said nothing more. He glanced at his watch, and then passed quickly through the Hall.

"Rum sort of go, eh?" said Charlie, turning to me. "I believe he's bunked with the family diamonds. Come along, let's go and have a wash."

Scarcely had we entered the dining-room after washing our hands, when Lord Rollingcash appeared, looking pale and agitated. He handed a telegraph form to the footman, at the same time giving him orders that the message was to be despatched without a moment's delay.

"My dear Charlie," he said, when the footman had left the room, "I have news for you, terribly bad news. What your mother will say I scarcely dare to think. He's an impostor, this precious 'Count'—a rank, swindling impostor. The lock of the jewel-chest has been picked, and everything is gone—everything. The diamonds alone are worth £60,000. I have wired to Scotland Yard, giving the fullest details, but I am afraid our chances are small indeed. He reached London more than half-an-hour ago."

Nothing was ever seen again either of the Count or the Rollingcash family jewels. Directly after the robbery Lord Rollingcash wrote to the real Count de Pontiee. I saw the answer the next time I was over at Brightsea. "From what you tell me," the writer said, "I have no doubt whatever that the man was a late valet of mine, François Peltier by name, a quondam lawyer's clerk, whom I discharged on account of theft about a year ago. Your description exactly suits him. While in my service he would have had ample opportunity to make himself familiar with the details of our relationship, for not only does my library contain many books devoted to our French titled families, but several copies of your English 'Burke' and 'Debrett' as well. He was a man of some culture and superior education, and would be quite capable of passing himself off, for a time at least, as one of our own order."

L. H. DE VISME SHAW.

Artificial Breeding of Wild Ducks.

WE do not believe that a rival to the pheasant has been found in the artificially-bred wild duck. But owners of lakes, pools, rivers, and marshes have recently discovered that it is a good deal easier to rear wild ducks than pheasants, and that the tame bred birds, like tame-bred pheasants, give just as good sport from the shooter's point of view as the wild ones. Habit is everything when the artificial multiplying of wild birds has to be considered, and in this respect the ducks are even more accommodating than pheasants. It is their habit to remain on the lake or pools, where they are undisturbed, until dusk, and not to leave for their feeding grounds until dark. In the same way they return in the morning before dawn, and in neither case does the outside gunner get a chance at them. It is quite possible to protect a thousand ducks on two pools with a staff of a keeper and a watcher. For the same number of pheasants scattered in different coverts at least three or four men would be needed. Practical evidence of this new departure in artificial pre-



J. T. Newman.

FLIGHT OF WILD DUCKS.

Copyright

serving has been before us during the present season. Wild ducks' eggs were advertised in thousands, by the owners

of game farms formerly entirely devoted to pheasant breeding, and the production and sale of pheasants' eggs. Unlike most novelties, the new departure is a cheap one. While early pheasants' eggs average 8s. per dozen, wild ducks' eggs cost only 3s. per dozen. Thus, in the rivalry between the lake and the wood, the former scores heavily on economic grounds. You can rear nearly three times as many birds for your original outlay. Many owners of coverts, now that pheasant breeding is a mere question of £ s. d., prefer to buy their young pheasants half-grown, direct from the game farms.



J. T. Newman.

WILDFOWL PRESERVE.

Copyright.

These cost, on an average, 3s. each. Half-grown wild ducks, far more independent and hardy than pheasants of the same age, are sold for from 2s. to 2s. 6d. each, according to size. All the well-known and established concomitants of pheasant rearing are now advertised, and easily obtained in forms adapted to wild-fowl. Among these are duck-meal, duck-coops, duck-runs, and even hens specially reliable as foster-mothers of wild ducklings.

Pretty as the little wild ducks look on the water, it is not desirable to let them have their own way, and disport themselves there as soon as ever they are hatched. Three dangers pursue them there—cramp, caused by their incessant activity, for they may be seen almost *running* on the surface of the water from dawn till dusk; pike, which always swarm in big pieces of water; and brown rats, which take them both in the water and on the banks. Rats are, perhaps, the most frequent cause of loss; but, in any case, artificially-reared broods, even if allowed to go with their wild mothers, seldom do well unless kept for six weeks in coops and runs away from the water. Then they thrive famously, and except in a very wet year, which is as bad for young ducks as for young game, they seldom cause disappointment to the rearer.

When turned out on the lake they at once join the broods of wild-bred birds swimming there. These are usually hatched at some distance from the water. Just as the ducks on the Serpentine, and Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, make nests in the hollow trees of the Long Walk, so in the most carefully preserved and quiet parks the wild ducks always wander away to lay. During this time all dogs on the estate should, if possible, be shut up, and led when taken out, for there is no bush, yew tree, or tuft of grass under which a duck may not be nesting. They are more capricious and careless

than pheasants in their choice of a nesting-place, and the old duck sits so close that she is often caught and killed by prowling curs.

By the first week in August both wild and home-reared ducks crowd to the lake together. As a spectacle this is a more interesting sight than any number of pheasants in the coverts, for while the latter, according to habit, are for the most part unseen, and make for cover when a visitor approaches, the whole of the duck are visible at the same time, for even the tame birds adopt the wild habit, and keep mainly to the central part of the lake. At the same time great numbers sleep or

rest upon the banks, and form a most ornamental addition to the landscape. In August and early September their habit is to rise and fly in circles round and over their sanctuary from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. Nothing looks more "sporting" and picturesque than these flights of duck in lines and wedges, recalling the scene on some Mississippi swamp during the great flight of the ducks northwards, to which American sportsmen look forward so keenly. Our illustrations show the wild-duck preserve at Tring reservoir, and the flight of the ducks. To the question, What kind of sport do these duck preserves give? the answer is—"excellent." The home-reared birds soon become as wild as the wild ones, with which they leave the pool every evening on their nightly flights. Moreover, their numbers act as a decoy, and, unlike pheasants, they increase by constant addition from

other wild flocks, which note the well-stocked lake in their nightly flights. This occurs even in entirely inland duck preserves, but is most noticeable and satisfactory near the coast. Not only mallard, but widgeon and teal come as an unearned increment to this for a preserve. The drawback to the sport is that it must take the form of two or three big days at most. This is not because the birds would be killed off by frequent shooting, but because they soon become too wild to kill. But the big days give splendid shooting—difficult, exciting, and picturesque. If there is only one large piece of water the approved method is to place the guns behind screens made of reed-thatch, set at intervals along the banks, and at the lake head. The great body of the duck split into separate flocks when disturbed, and fly up and down the lake, usually keeping a course near to the



C. Reid, Wishaw.

WILD DUCK'S NEST UNDER FURZE BUSH.

Copyright.

bank. Thus all the guns are kept busy until the duck begin to fly too high.

At this point some leave the lake, while others make for the opposite end to that at which the firing has been going on. At this point the guns are moved to the screens at this end of the water, and the duck battue recommences, though the shooting is less heavy and the shots far more difficult. On the lake at Blenheim, where only wild-bred birds are killed, but which is a favourite haunt of duck, splendid shooting is had from the bridge which divides this long piece of water. The pace at which the duck come over when the firing is going on at the lake head is quite astonishing. Teal, wild duck, widgeon, and occasional snipe come over like bullets, and it needs a first-class shot to make a bag. Where there are two separate lakes, or a lake with ponds near it, very heavy bags can be made. When disturbed on one piece of water the duck move to the other, and

the duck drives can be continued as long as any remain on either pool. After the luncheon interval the duck will return in small bunches, and an afternoon's very fair sport can be enjoyed by waiting quietly in the shelter-screens. Even if the lake is not large it still pays to breed wild ducks. The usual additions to the number from wild birds take place during the winter, and at the first pheasant shoot, say in November, driving the lake makes an exciting and novel episode. On some estates this now forms a regular part of the three days' or two days' heavy shooting in the beginning of the season. The addition of from 100 to 200 wild duck makes a splendid show among the woodland game. Moreover, wild ducks are excellent eating, better, in the opinion of many judges, than maize-fed pheasants. A brace of wild duck also make a handsome present—and one which is often more appreciated than pheasants and hares.

C. J. CORNISH.



LAVENHAM,

THE very name of Lavenham suggests something idyllic and pastoral. Were it not that philology is too parlous a science to permit one to hazard playful conjectures in derivation, Lavender village might be suggested as its root. But Laneham, as it crops up in older documents, warns one not to let fancy trifle with fact, especially when the trifling is likely to be detected. Nor would Lavender village quite describe the place; if to a tourist from London it may seem but a village, and not a very big one at that, to its natives it is a town, and more, a manufacturing town of considerable historic importance. If you asked the average Briton the whereabouts of Lavenham, the chances are (unless he happened to be an East Anglian, that he would not be able to name its district, much less to fix its county. Even if you said it was approached by rail from Liverpool Street on the Great Eastern, it is doubtful

Suffolk.

if that would quicken his memory; yet at Marks Tey, a junction familiar to travellers by the Harwich boats, a branch line ambles off to Bury St. Edmund's, and the more leisurely trains that traverse it pass through Sudbury, Long Melford, and at length halfway to their goal pause at Lavenham.

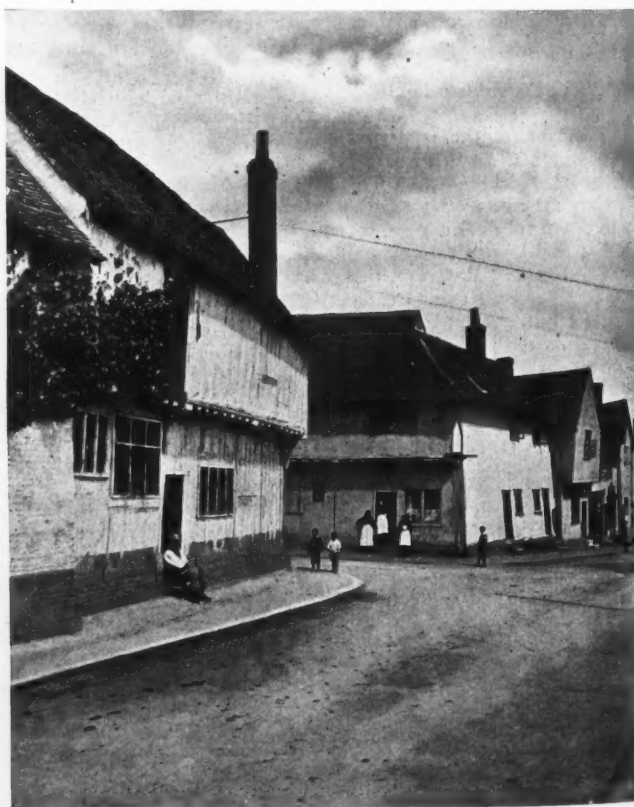
After all, next to staying some time in a place and getting to know its intimate moods, the pleasure of a single day therein



Copyright

THE MARKET CROSS.

"C.L."



Copyright

OLD HOUSES, WATER LANE.

"C.L."

is least likely to disturb the first delight as all its newness bursts on a visitor. But Lavenham is not a place that suffers by re-visiting. No doubt, if seen for the first time on a dull rainy day, it might appear less picturesque; but to a lover of English domestic architecture it must always be full of peculiar interest; while, to a student of Gothic, the church is as abiding a delight now as when Isaac Taylor (father of Taylor of Ongar) published his drawings in 1796, which he offered to the public as "a set of choice examples of Gothic ornaments, which may tend to guide

the taste and to form the judgment of those who study this style of architecture, professionally or as an amusement."

By way of sustaining the reputation of the church in the eyes of those who make its acquaintance for the first time in the photographs reproduced here, it is well to advise them *not* to look up the worthy draughtsman's well-intentioned libels just referred to. That a building of absolutely unique splendour could be so depicted in forty plates that it looks like veritable churchwarden Gothic, is really a notable achievement in its way. But it provokes a student of the building to say in his haste what no editor would print at leisure; phrases that would ill-accord with the prim propriety of the "Original Poems" "Little Ann and her Mother," and the rest, which others of the Taylor family left to establish their fame. But the church he treated so scurvily demands attention, and in trying to describe its charm, perhaps the disproportionate height of its tower, which nevertheless compels one to admire it, is the first feature that comes back to memory. For observant eyes can catch a glimpse of it as the train slows down before stopping; but in such a glimpse the actual church is not visible, and this fact suggests that the tower must needs be unusually tall. To see the top of a tower while the church is hidden is common enough, but to see a tall tower which looks as if it sprang from the ground, and to find later that from the level you first saw it a fairly lofty nave and choir were hidden, impresses you with its height in a way no figures could hope to do.

As a matter of fact, it is 14 ft. high, and, in the opinion of experts, was left incomplete by at least one storey more. Indeed, a legend is extant that its architect was killed by falling from the top at its present height, and the unlucky omen prevented its being carried higher. If we make a rough guess at the height of the nave as soft. (it does not appear in Canon Scott's most excellent guide, which is here drawn on for so many facts), that allows some goft. for the isolated tower above, and explains the first impression of a single tower unattached to a church, as it appears to a traveller from a certain seat in the train.

The fabric of the church, which no less an authority in that particular style of Gothic known as "Late Perpendicular" than Welby Pugin considered the finest specimen extant, is of several periods. The chancel is probably as early as Edward III., the tower and body of the church Henry VII., although the former was not finished until the reign of Henry VIII., as we know from a coat-of-arms granted to Thomas Spring, the great clothier, by that

King, which is repeated twenty-five times at the top of the tower.

This is our first mention of the Spring family, and they must be introduced more formally. English wool was held to be the best long before the days of Spring, and Lavenham Church was a church before he added its tower, or ordered "before the awter of St. Katheryn . . . a tombe with a parclose thereabout." Yet, as the Spring additions make the church specially remarkable, so in the history of the town we find for three generations each Thomas Spring in succession was the greatest manufacturer of the district. Before entering the church we should note the inscription in Latin which runs above the windows of the Spring chapel, exhorting prayers for Thomas Spring and Alice his wife, who built it in 1525, and over the south door the curves in the spandrels. A tomb by the chancel door also deserves mention. It is a most ingenious quibble in Latin:

"Quod fuit esse quod est, quod not fuit
esse quod esse,
Esse quod est non esse, quod est non
est erit esse,"

which has been translated by a correspondent to *Notes and Queries*:

"What was to be is what is,
What was not to be is what is to be,
To be what is, is not to be,
What is is not to be what shall be."

But a far more ingenious paraphrase is offered by Canon Scott.

"That which was Toby Watt is what Toby Watt was not. To be Toby Watt is not to be what Toby Watt is. Toby Watt is not He will be."

Inside, the nave is exceptionally fine, and the fragments of old stained glass, collected in the east window and in the west window of the north aisle, would themselves repay a visit, and the most striking objects at first glance are the two pews (as they are called) just outside the rood-screen in each aisle. The

one to the north is the Spring chantry, a superb example of florid Renaissance work, very German in character, or perhaps, to be more accurate, Flemish. That on the south is less ornate, but, at the same time, less free from damage. Both are really openwork chantry screens of carved woodwork of elaborate design, the rood-screen dating far earlier, about the middle of the fourteenth century, and the screens at the back of the choir stalls are also of pierced woodwork. Not only is the carving of the screens of peculiar interest, extending as it does over some

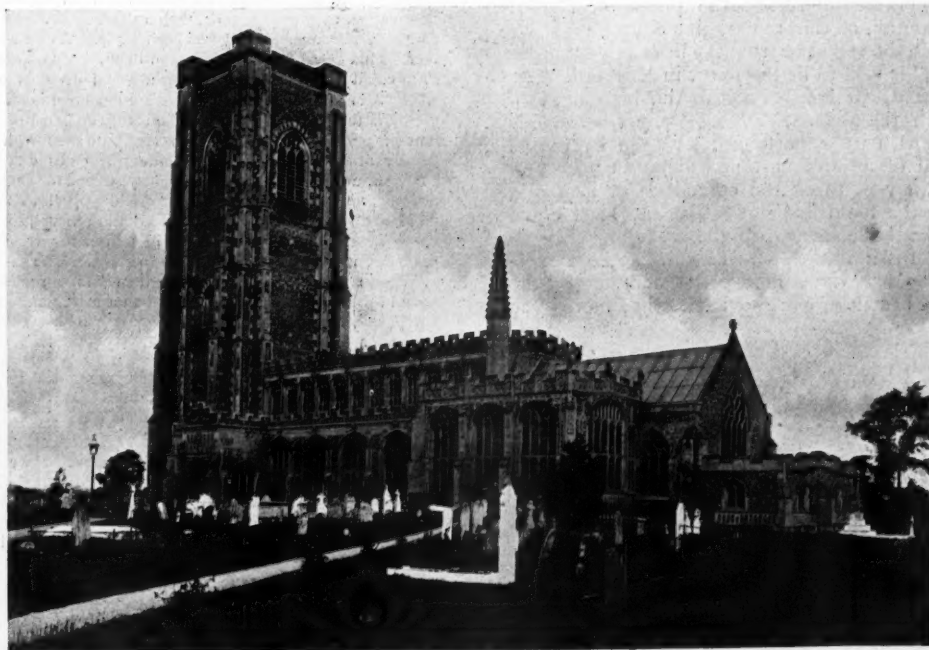
two centuries, but the roofs of wood to the whole building are enriched by remarkably fine work, in which the mystical vine constantly figures; a feature continued in a cornice of stone carving below the nave windows.



Copyright

THE SOUTH PORCH.

"C.L."



Copyright

LAVENHAM CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

ANCIENT DOORWAY.

"C.L."

A curious brass to another dead worthy, a clothier, reads :

"Continuall prayse these lynes in brasse,
Of Allaine Dister here,
A clothier vertuous whyle he was,
In Lavenham many a yere ;
For as in life he loved the best
The poore to clothe and feede,
So with the rich and all the rest
He neighbourlie agreed,
And did appoint before he died,
A spiall (special) yearly rent,
Which should be every Whitsontide
Among the poorest spent."

The first phrase is obviously an inversion of the sense, which means that the lines continually record the praise of Dister. Nor in the briefest mention of this remarkable church must we forget the bells, of which the tenor, bearing the inscription "Miles Graye made me, 1628," is said to be the finest in England. As far back as 1787 we find attention called to the building, in a special article thereon in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, yet its fame is hardly commensurate with its importance; for even by people who admire that ideal of a wedding-tour which the "Heir of Redclyffe" expressed, a visit to all the cathedrals of England, Lavenham is not (as it should be) deemed of at least equal importance to several of the lesser cathedrals.

The town, rich as it is in interest, must await another opportunity to notice it; the few views here given will suggest the picturesqueness, that becomes more evident the more you study it in detail.



RIFLE-SHOOTING AS A PASTIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is, I am afraid, a fact, and a very lamentable fact too, that the average Englishman takes little or no interest in rifle-shooting. Yet rifle-shooting is an amusement and a scientific pursuit of a very high order, within the reach of a great number of men, and is not more expensive than the majority of other sports. To the country gentleman who could, without much trouble or cost, lay out a range on his own property, the rifle would be an unfailing source of amusement during the spring and summer months, when there is little else to

do and no other shooting to be had, and it is also a sport eminently suited to men living in large towns, with a range within reach, who find the need of a healthy, manly occupation for their leisure hours. I cannot do better than quote the words of the late Sir Henry Halford, to whom all riflemen owe so much :

"It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so few of the country gentlemen of England have taken up high-class rifle-shooting, or even rifle-shooting at all, as a sport. . . . Believe me, the use of the rifle is a sport in itself. More than this, and far more, the rifle of the present day is the long-bow of the Middle Ages. If the youth of England could use the rifle, the strength and power of the United Kingdom would be invincible."

One of the reasons for this lack of interest in the sport may be that it is not sufficiently known to the public that the great rifle meeting held annually at Bisley is *not* confined to the volunteers and the Army. The majority of the competitions there are open to "all comers." Anyone may enter and shoot, and the rifeman will find there plenty of opportunity of testing his skill, at the greatest rifle meeting in the world, with the "match rifle," the military rifle, the sporting rifle, and the revolver. At Bisley he can enjoy a delightful holiday, in the purest air, amid charming surroundings, and at a trifling cost. I may here add that the National Rifle Association, which receives no State monetary aid, is deserving of the encouragement and support of every Englishman. Without it rifle-shooting in this country would have died out long ago. It is to shooting with the "match rifle" as a scientific amusement, and to the means of getting practice with it, that I desire more particularly to call the attention of your readers temporarily or permanently residing in London, for I cannot help thinking that in this vast city there must be many gentlemen who, did they but know where to go for it, would take up this fascinating sport. Yet almost at their doors there are first-rate ranges available. The North London Rifle Club at Ilford, and the South London Rifle Club at Staines, have ranges where shooting at all distances goes on through the greater part of the year, and there is the Long Range Club at Hounslow, with a splendid range at its disposal twice a week. At the two former clubs most of the shooting is done with the Service rifle, under conditions similar to those in force for the competitions for Service rifles at Bisley. The Long Range Club (the oldest rifle club in England, I believe) is devoted to "match rifle" shooting only. The secretaries of these clubs would, I am sure, be pleased to give information to anyone desirous of taking up the rifle. Targets may also be hired at Bisley, on application to the National Rifle Association. The "match rifle" as now defined by the rules in force at Bisley may be any military rifle of a calibre not exceeding .315in., under a specified weight and length, and with a trigger pull of at least 6lb. The choice of sights is optional, but magnifying or telescopic sights are forbidden. As shooting with these rifles is generally from the "back position"—the steadiest of all positions—the sights are usually so arranged that the back sight is placed at the end of the stock, so as to bring it close to the eye, while the front sight is fitted with a wind-gage, moving (by a screw) transversely in a dovetail attachment to admit of accurate allowance for wind, though the aim is taken dead on the bull's-eye. The back sight is provided with a vernier scale and screw adjustment for elevation. This is the rifle most suited for gentlemen taking up high-class shooting. With it very accurate practice can be made. The shooting is all done at long ranges, 800yds. to 1,100yds., and all the marksman's powers, not only of aim and holding steadily, but of observation and judgment of the ever-changing conditions of wind and weather, which it will readily be understood have great effect on the bullet at these distances, are called into play—splendid training for eye, hand, nerve, judgment, and temper. The match rifles now most generally in use are the British Lee-Metford or Lee-Enfield of .303 calibre, and the Mannlicher (Austrian manufacture) of .256 calibre, fitted of course with "match sights." The Mauser (German make) has also been used. The cost of the English .303 rifle is about £8, of the Mannlicher, rather less. Match sights cost about £4 4s. So that for a small outlay anyone can provide himself with a rifle. I offer no opinion as to the relative merits of the .303 or .256 calibre rifles. Both have their advocates, and with both fine shooting has been made. As far as my own experience goes, there is not much to choose between them. My object has been to point out as simply and as briefly as I can to gentlemen desirous of taking up "high-class rifle-shooting" where in the immediate neighbourhood of London they may find the opportunity of practice, and the nature and cost of the weapon most suited for their purpose. Any man who has learnt to shoot with this rifle can adapt himself to any other. I would like to see rifle clubs established in every town in England, and every man in the country trained to shoot. To the reader who has never learnt the use of the rifle I would appeal to take it up now if he can possibly do so; to try to arrange his leisure hours so that some part of them could be devoted to this art. He will never regret it. Anyone can with practice and but little trouble learn to shoot. The lack of opportunity for the average man is lamentable. Those then who can give the time to it are doubly bound to do so. The rifle is more than a mere amusement or scientific toy; the fate of a country may depend on the power of her sons to use it; a nation of marksmen would be safe from attack.—ENTHUSIAST.

BERRIES FORETELLING A HARD WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest you to hear that we have in our part of the country this year a very unusual number of berries of all kinds, from the black-berry to the hip and haw and the holly. Now this is always regarded by the country people about us, and I believe with some truth, as a sign of a hard winter in the future. I think it might be interesting if others would tell us if the berries are unusually plentiful in other parts of the country too, and then we should be able to judge more accurately the value of the people's prophecies.—WESSEX.

[We are much obliged for our correspondent's letter, but at the same time would say that we have often before noticed in our columns this belief of the country people that many berries foretell a hard winter, but only to express our own dissent from this view. Our opinion is rather that the berries are a sign of the past, not of the future—a sign that the season has been good for their growth. We find it hard to credit that they have the gift of prophecy, though there is apt to be more truth than appears in these current beliefs of the poor people, and it is not impossible that such a summer as unusually favours the growth of berries is often followed by a winter of unusual severity. But, as our correspondent says, we shall see.—ED.]

NEWLY-PURCHASED COB AND LAMENESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have recently purchased a cob from a neighbour, having previously had him examined by a veterinary surgeon of whom I know but little. Before I bought him, the animal, though driven nearly every day, appeared to be perfectly sound; but now that he has very little work to do, he shows signs of lameness and his legs look puffed up. As I know very little about horses, will you kindly advise me whether I had better get rid of the cob, or send for another veterinary surgeon to treat him.—L. T. SIDCUP.

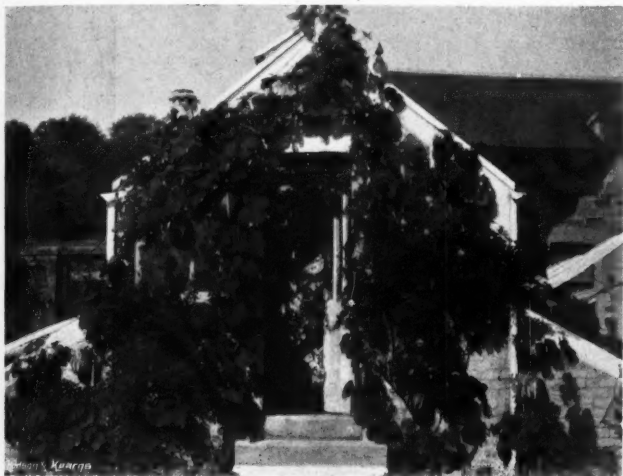
[We can see no reason for agreeing with you in your evident idea that you have been victimised. As you say you purchased the cob in hard work, and that since he has been in your possession he has not done much, it is most probable that his legs have filled through standing in the stable. Try the effect of cold water bandages and regular healthy exercise. If these fail, he may be lightly blistered, but we advise you to try the bandages first.—ED.]

FALCON AND A HAWK-KITE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may possibly interest some of your readers to know that I saw a peregrine falcon at Hounslow, eleven miles from Hyde Park Corner, last week. We were flying a hawk-kite with some children. It is impossible to say if the falcon came to look at the kite, but, considering the extraordinary way one sees wild hawks when flying a trained one, I think it not unlikely.—J. M. ROGERS.

GOURDS AS DECORATIVE PLANTS.



We have received the accompanying photograph, showing admirably the great decorative value of the gourd, from Mr. Buchan of Manor Hill, Selkirk, N.B., who mentions that he saw a paragraph referring to the beauty of the gourd in COUNTRY LIFE of September 3rd, and sent this photograph to still further reveal its usefulness. Mr. Buchan writes: "The plants were grown from seed raised in heat in March, then hardened off in a cold frame, and planted out in May in rich soil. They can be trained upon a wall or fence with a good exposure or upon trees, giving a very decorative effect and standing until the frost sets in in autumn. I trust that this information may be of use to some of your readers who may wish to try growing gourds for decorative purposes."

DOGS AND MUZZLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am always inveighing, in the first place against those who are responsible for our foolish Muzzling Order, and in the second place against those who write silly letters to the papers about it—letters that are silly not because of what they say, but because what they say, so said, cannot possibly have any effect on the Board of Agriculture. Therefore it is rather in the nature of irony that I should find myself writing to ask you to find room for a letter from me on the subject. But I do not want to take the point of view that the others take. I am convinced of the Government's foolishness, but that conviction will not affect the Government. What I want to tell people is something, picked up in the course of some thirty to forty years' experience with dogs, of the real signs of madness—of hydrophobia. There are so many mistakes prevalent about it—mistakes that are mischievous. In the first place a mad dog does not foam at the mouth. In some cases a thin mucous stuff runs from the back corners, and there is a look which it is scarcely possible to mistake, even if it has not been seen before, in the eye of a dog that really has hydrophobia. But I find that the majority of people, including policemen, look upon this—the foaming at the mouth—as the ultimate test of madness in a dog. "If a dog foams he is undoubtedly mad, if he does not foam he is not mad," is the sort of maxim that the policemen and the general public work on. "If he foams he is not mad," would be a much safer maxim, though it would be going a little too far to say that every dog is mad that does not foam. This foam theory, however, is at the bottom of all the foolish statistics that are published about hydrophobia, and it makes the whole of them, and the inferences drawn from them, absolutely worthless. They have no value whatever. A dog foams and staggers when he has a fit—that is the simple explanation. A policeman clubs him on the head, and he goes to swell the mad dog list. A dog that is really going mad generally manifests this, dangerously enough, by an increased affection for the persons he knows, a few days before the violent stage sets in, and at this time his saliva, a lick of his tongue, is as dangerous, if there be a scratch on the hand, as any bite. Dangerous, mind, not fatal—there is much misconception on this head. As far as I have been able to get at the truth, about five per cent. of people die that a mad dog has bitten—a real mad dog that is, not the pseudo mad dogs that bite the people whom Pasteur gets the credit of curing. Not that I think we ought to discredit Pasteur altogether. I think he has saved a good many lives, but I think that he is credited with saving a good many that never were in much danger at all. I hope you will pardon the length of this letter, but there is a deal of misconception about this matter—misconception that is bad for the dogs and for the humans too. Do not try to judge a mad dog by any foam at his mouth, but by the look of his eye. You cannot mistake it.—DOG-STAR.



A LITTLE DINNER.

MENU.

Clear Ox-tail Soup.
 Fillets of Sole with Mussel sauce.
 Sweetbread Kromesies.
 Farced Loin of Mutton. Cranberry sauce.
 French Beans. Duchess Potatoes.
 Roast Pheasants.
 Prune Jelly.
 Mushroom Canapés.

FILLETS OF SOLE WITH MUSSEL SAUCE.

Wash about two dozen mussels very thoroughly, and put them into a stewpan with a small onion, sliced, a few sprigs of parsley, and a dust of salt and pepper, and cover them with half a pint of white stock, and half a pint of Chablis. Let the liquid gradually come to boiling point, and then simmer for five minutes. Take the pan from the stove, remove the mussels from their shells, take off the beards, and then put them aside until they are required. Take some fillets of sole, roll them up, and tie each in a piece of buttered muslin; place them in a clean stewpan, and pour over them the liquid in which the mussels were cooked, mixed with additional stock and wine to make it sufficient to cover the fish. The stock should be boiling, and the fish should be allowed to simmer until it is cooked. Remove the muslin, sprinkle the fillets with chopped parsley, and dish them up on a border of fish farce which has been coloured a shrimp pink; place the mussels in the middle of the dish, and strain the sauce over them. Keep the fillets hot while the sauce is made. Fry an ounce of butter with an ounce of flour for three minutes, without letting the latter acquire any colour, then mix with half a pint of the liquor (strained) in which the fillets were cooked; when the sauce has boiled and thickened, add the yolk of an egg, beaten up with a quarter of a pint of thick cream, taking care it does not boil after the egg has been added.

SWEETBREAD KROMESKIES.

Take a large sweetbread, blanch it and press it until cool, then wrap it in buttered paper and put it into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, a small onion, sliced, some shreds of celery, and a carrot, sliced, and fry lightly for ten minutes; add enough veal stock (which should be quite colourless) to cover the sweetbread, and let it simmer gently in the oven until it is quite tender; then remove the paper and put the sweetbread aside to get cold. Strain the stock from the vegetables, and thicken it with some white roux, and add a dessertspoonful of sherry. Cut up the sweetbread into small dice, add it and a tablespoonful of chopped truffles to the sauce; stir over the fire for six minutes, then, when the sauce is boiling, add the beaten yolk of an egg and remove the pan from the stove, and spread the mixture (which should be of the consistency of paste) on a plate. Cut some wafer-like slices of fat cooked bacon, about three inches square, and spread them out with a knife on a floured board; put about a teaspoonful of the sweetbread mixture (which should be cool) on each; roll it up into the shape of a cork, close the ends of the bacon, and dip the rolls into a thick frying batter (which should be made at least two or three hours before it is required), and immerse them at once in a bath of boiling fat. When done the kromesies should be a golden colour and crisp; drain them well and serve very hot, garnished with fried celery tops, using only the young shoots for the purpose.

FARCED LOIN OF MUTTON.

Bone a loin of small lean mutton (preferably Welsh), and keep it for three days in a marinade made thus: Fry two onions, a large carrot, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, and a bay leaf, in an ounce of butter for eight minutes, then add a pint of vinegar, three cloves, a blade of mace, a dozen whole peppers, and a teaspoonful of salt. Let the vinegar boil up, and then simmer for twenty minutes. Pour in rather less than a quart of water, and, as soon as it boils, strain the liquid, and use when cold. On the third day remove the meat from the pickle, wipe it, and stuff it with a rich herb farce, then tie it up securely, and roast it. Serve with thick brown sauce to which a glass of port has been added, poured round the dish, and cranberry sauce in a tureen.

PRUNE JELLY.

Stew one pound of French plums in a pint of claret and water, mixed in equal quantities; sweeten it with two ounces of loaf sugar, and add a tablespoonful of red currant jelly, the thinly-pared rind of a lemon, half the juice, and a small stick of cinnamon. When the plums are quite soft strain the syrup in which they were cooked into a basin, and when it is cool add one ounce of gelatine to it. Pass the plums through a sieve, and when the gelatine is sufficiently soaked, heat the syrup and stir until the gelatine is melted, then colour it with carmine, add a glass of apricot brandy, and mix it with the sieved plums. Put the jelly into an ornamental open mould, and place it on ice until set. Whip half a pint of cream until it is quite stiff, and mix it with an equal quantity of apricot pulp which has been sweetened to taste, and place it on ice for an hour before it is required, then fill the middle of the jelly with it, and scatter some chopped pistachio nuts on the top.

MUSHROOM CANAPÉS.

Stamp out some rounds of bread, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, with a two-inch fluted cutter, and fry them in butter until they are a golden brown; spread them with a layer of anchovy butter, and place a mushroom, which has been cooked in butter and trimmed to exactly the size of the croutets, on each; scatter a little chopped parsley over the mushrooms, and put an oyster—which has been blanched and cooked in butter for five minutes—on the top, and dust a little coralline pepper over them; send the canapés to table very hot, and dish them up on small paper doyleys.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Bloodhound Trials in the North.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

A SPECIAL train from Scarborough halted at a bleak moorland station, and from it sallied some scores of men and ladies, some of whom led well-bred bloodhounds to the number of fifteen, or thereabouts. Even yet, save to the favoured few, the particular tract of moor chosen as the scene of the long-expected bloodhound trials was unknown. All eyes were fixed upon Sir Charles Legard, who had consented to fill the part of judge, and on Mr. Edwin Brough, of Wyndyate, Scarborough, who, as chairman of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, and as a whole-hearted supporter of the breed, had taken infinite pains in arranging the preliminaries of the meeting. Enquiries, too, were many with regard to the whereabouts of Mr. Edgar Farman, the secretary; but he had ridden ahead, and great was the sympathy and sorrow of the crowd when, some two miles from the station, he was encountered, not on horseback, but in a carriage, and with his leg severely fractured by the kick of a foolish horse. Never was luck more cruel than his. He had looked forward, perhaps more eagerly than any other man present, to seeing these noble hounds put to trial. The bouquet of the wine, so to speak, had almost saluted his nostrils; the cup was touching his lips; it was dashed to the ground. For him fate had ordained a long and painful drive over a rugged road, with the prospect of the surgeon's tender mercies at the end. But the trials could not have been postponed. Mr. Farman,



Copyright

WAITING THEIR TURN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

indeed, would have been the last man in the world to wish anything of the kind, and, in spite of the pain which he was

suffering, he had a kindly word for every passer-by. Breeders, indeed, had assembled from all parts of the country, although a few, deterred by the hardness of the ground and by the difficulties met in preliminary training during the drought, had not assembled at the rendezvous. Still, it is worth while to run through the programme with a view to showing how widespread is the interest in the breed. Comfort's owner, Mr. Richard Cooper, hails from Rugby; Colonel Joynson, whom Hubert II. owns as master,



Copyright

FAIRLIGHT DIGNITY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lives at Tachbrooke Mallory, Leamington; Mrs. Oliphant, represented by Chatley Regent and Chatley Consort, had come with her

husband all the way from Norton St. Philip, which is near Bath. Saxon's home is with Mr. Arkas Sapt at Sutton in Surrey; Persimmon is the property of Mr. V. E. Heathcote Hacker, of Fern Lea, in Cheshire; Southampton Venus had been brought by Mr. Croxton Smith all the way from Upper Tooting. Mr. P. G. Woolls, with FAIRLIGHT DIGNITY, came from Uxbridge; and the home of Barona is with Mr. Ernest Johnson, at Cheadle Hulme. Last among the competitors was the Scottish bitch, Kickshaw, the property of Mr. John Kidd, of Dundee, but bred by Mr. Edwin Brough. The last-named breeder did not compete, but exhibition runs were given by his Clotho and Brocade, singly and as a couple, and by his famous bitch, Champion Benedicta.

The scene was rugged and beautiful in the extreme. An apparently boundless moor not recently fouled by human footsteps—for a number of



Copyright

LAI'D ON TO THE TRAIL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grouse rose from the midst of it during the first run—offered unlimited space. The contours were such as to afford a splendid view of every course. The crowd itself, with its sprinkling of upland farmers on rough but powerful horses, was not wanting in picturesque features. One rider, with crutches slung round his neck, presented an almost pathetic appearance. The love of sport, the Yorkshireman's ruling passion, had called imperiously upon him, and a crippled limb had not sufficed to keep him at home. From the crowd rose now and again the voice of a noble but gentle hound straining at the leash held by master or mistress. It was an inspiring scene; but to those who, whether they knew the ways of bloodhounds or no, were familiar with the hunting-field, and thought they knew something of the nature of scent, it was manifest that the hounds would be sadly handicapped. Not only had all the competing hounds travelled a considerable distance, a proceeding which always upsets them, but also the conditions of running were unfavourable to scent. Breeders and owners usually run their hounds in the early morning or the evening, when the dew is on the ground. In this case the morning was growing old, there was no wind to speak of, and the Soudan itself could not have been drier than the scorched heather which crackled under foot. I confess for my part that I was by no means prepared for the measure of success which was attained.

It is not to my purpose to go through the steps of the competitions in detail, to tell how Fairlight Dignity, with the best of the scent, such as it was, tore across the moor after her runner, dragging her human companion at a great pace; how Hubert II., after being laid on the trail with difficulty, made no mistake afterwards; how Chatley Regent, held in leash, ran nobly for five-sixths of the distance, and then went astray. Was it a horse which misled him, or did he see or smell his admiring mistress with Chatley Consort among the spectators, for whom he made a bee-line? Who knows, save the hound? Nor is it useful to linger over Chatley Regent's triumph when he ran alone, or to recount the manner in which Southampton Venus and Fairlight Dignity, and one or two besides, started well and then took suddenly to hunting heel, or to describe the skilful way in which Kickshaw,



Copyright

SIGNALLING THE RESULT OF A TRIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

having overrun the scent, made a cast and found the trail again. These were successes and failures of the day, possessed of a passing

interest for the spectators, and of permanent interest to the owners of the hounds. But apart from these details the trials had their importance from a public point of view, since they showed certain things which bloodhounds, not for the most part completely trained, can do, and how their tracking powers may be used for practical purposes in the capture of fugitive criminals. In the foregoing sentence the language has been chosen with care for a special reason. In many of the reports of these trials I have noticed a tendency to the *nil admirari* tone, a suggestion that trials of bloodhounds upon a dry moor do not prove that they could be used with effect in a crowded city, and so forth. The answer is that nobody ever said that moorland trials could prove anything of the kind. But it does not follow that the moorland trials demonstrated all the potential powers of the breed, and from the information gleaned as to the scanty preparation which these hounds had undergone, and from knowledge of what they accomplished, I am disposed to go some way with Mr. Brough, who, in his after-luncheon speech, showed himself sanguine in his hopes of what the bloodhound may achieve.

To us it was given only to see that which was done, not that which might, perhaps, have been achieved; and the point

of importance is to place permanently on record the exact conditions under which success was obtained in more than a considerable proportion of cases. The first step towards conveying

a true idea on this point is to warn the public against acceptance of some of the untrustworthy and meaningless details with which many contemporary accounts have been filled out. We have been told that the courses were not more than 1,000 yds. in length. My impression is that none were nearly so short, and that many were much longer. Certainly they varied in length, and they were sufficient to provide a test. Ten or twenty mile runs might have afforded a more crucial trial, but they were obviously out of the question. Again, the time occupied by this or that hound was rigorously taken by a stop watch; but the resulting figures, if accurate, could have possessed no significance. Therefore the right thing seems to be to say plainly exactly what happened. It was this. A small number of the stewards, with competitors and runners, walked forward, keeping well



London Mr. E. FARMAN. Stereo. Co.



Copyright

SCENE AFTER A TRIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

away from the ground to be traversed, until their figures stood out on a ridge distant about a mile away. The spectators, with Mr. Brough and Sir Charles Legard in front of them, remained on a brow commanding a fine view of the trial ground. Three or four times, when ground had been fouled by several trials, spectators and stewards, maintaining their distance from each other, advanced further upon the moor and to fresh ground. Then, first, one saw the runner, a shepherd, or labourer, or man of that kind, start. He took, within the prescribed ground, such course as pleased him. For the most part he went rather more directly than might have been desired, but sometimes he ran a more or less intricate line. As a matter of fact, the question whether the trail was sinuous or straight did not seem to affect the hounds at all. Somewhere, within sight of the judge, the man halted and lay in the heather. Then, at command of the judge, the signal was given by flag to lay on the hound, in leash or free, or the couple of hounds, as the case might be. The accompanying owner, or keeper, or kennel-man, was told generally whereabouts his runner had started, and then he did his best to lay on his hound, or hounds.

Another plan is that the runner should leave at the starting-point a glove, or handkerchief, or hat, or anything which carries his scent. No aniseed or other artificial source of scent was used; the hounds ran simply the foot scent of a man



Copyright

MR. BROUGH CONGRATULATES MRS. OLIPHANT.

"C.L."

running in his boots across the dry heather. There were failures, of course, indeed there was a great deal of apparent hunting heel of a most unaccountable kind. Also few of the hounds, with the exception of Mr. Kidd's Kickshaw, showed any power of making a cast for themselves when they had lost the trail; but training would soon remedy that defect. The important point is that there were a great many clear and indubitable successes. For my part, if my intentions were burglarious, I should fight very shy of Fairlight, Uxbridge, or Marrbank, Dundee, or Tachbrooke Mallory, or Chatley House; and cart-ropes would not drag me to Wyndyate, Scarborough. True it is that the

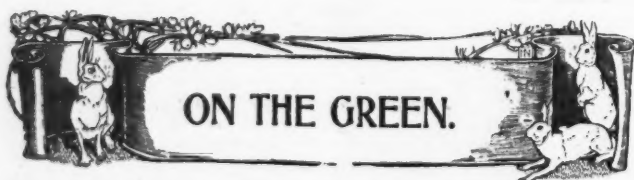
courses were short and that the hounds followed the runner after a brief interval. But the courses were long enough to compel the hounds to hunt with noses to the ground, and the day was as poor a scenting day as could be conceived. On a dewy or wet morning, even with some hours' start, one would run no chance with Hubert II., or Chatley Regent, or Kickshaw, or Fairlight Dignity. But the burglar would not suffer, save indirectly, from the hounds. To them it is a pretty game of skill, and when they run their man down they lick his hand in gratitude for the sport he has shown. But the burglar would find that with the hounds, holding them in leash or riding after them, were men less merciful than they. In a word, I do not despair of seeing burglar or poacher brought to book by a gentle well-bred bloodhound before long, and it is certain that when that event happens, the arrested criminal will appear in the dock without the tooth-mark of a hound upon him.



C. Reid.

MR. BROUGH, HARRY FULLER, AND BLOODHOUNDS.

Copyright.



THE meeting of Andrew Kirkaldy and Taylor at Brancaster will be interesting, no doubt, though after the latter's cruel defeat by Vardon at Newcastle, County Down, there will be some disappointment that the champion has not accepted Kirkaldy's challenge. At the same time, this is a disappointment that Kirkaldy himself will perhaps not share, for Vardon has been in such terrific form that there is virtually no holding him. Such a game as he played against Taylor in that final tie was "not golf" at all—too good for anything.

Taylor, too, it is to be remembered, qualified for, and did well enough to run through into the final of, the tournament, whereas Kirkaldy could not qualify at all. But then the latter never is, considering his power, a good score player; the match game is his forte. Taylor, at all events, was much too good for Mr. Ball in the exhibition they gave over the Cannock Chase green. The former was at his best and the latter was not, and that is the simple explanation of the six holes that were between them at the end of the thirty-six played, all Taylor's gains being taken on the first round. Since the St. Andrews' meeting Mr. Laidlay has been in East Lothian playing the old foursome with Mr. Arthur Balfour against Mr. Penn and Mr. de Zoete, the latter the father of the Royal and Ancient Club's medallist. Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Balfour were far too good for the others this year, winning all their matches easily. It looks rather as if Mr. Penn ought to have the young Mr. de Zoete the medallist, as his partner.

Mr. John Ball, for all his defeat by Taylor, is not in bad form. The 76 with which he won the Royal Liverpool Club's medal on the Wednesday was a fine score. Mr. Hilton was within a stroke of him, taking second medal with

77. The best work of the day, however, was that of young Mr. Graham in the afternoon, when he went round in 73, creating a new record for the Hoylake course as played from the medal tees. Mr. Hilton's was very nearly as good as this score on the second medal day, but not quite. The 74 with which he won the Kennard gold medal ties with the former record in competitions on the Hoylake green. No one challenged this score at all; Mr. Ball was nearest to him, but not too near, with 79. Mr. H. H. Higgins, who once stroked the Oxford eight, but has given up the river for the golf links, won the nett prize with an uncommonly good scratch score of 82, which his handicap reduced to 77.

The ladies at North Berwick have been holding what is probably their last big tournament for the year, resulting in the victory of Miss D. Campbell over Miss M. E. Houldsworth in the final heat. Both North Berwick and St. Andrews have been very much crowded this year, and in spite of the two courses at the latter class green, both the old and the new have been badly blocked. Golf seems still to gain in popularity, though we remember that the theory of its having seen its zenith was mooted a while ago. Mr. Macfie has done very well during

the present autumn. He won the Jubilee Vase. Then he has won the autumn medal of the Dalhousie Golf Club, at Carnoustie, and, since he had also won the spring medal of the club, it followed necessarily that he won the aggregate—a very good record for one to whom the Carnoustie course is not very familiar. It is a great pity that the committee that has the care of the rules of golf in its charge could not put the result of its labours before the Royal and Ancient Club's autumn meeting in such form that they could be approved or disapproved forthwith. It was not found possible to do so, and therefore the ultimate resolution of all our doubts and the many questions on the rules that are called "vexed" because, apparently, they are so vexatious, will have to stand over until the spring meeting. This is the more to be regretted, because golfers do not gather themselves together to St. Andrews in the spring in anything like the numbers that attend the autumn meeting; and it would have been well that changes affecting the whole golfing body should be as widely discussed as possible. But no doubt the committee knows its business better than we can teach it to it, and we shall look forward to all the more perfect results in the spring because of the long delay.



"The Great Ruby."

Of course one does not analyse a Drury Lane drama by the same method as one does an ordinary play. It has a place apart, it blooms alone. When a play is written around certain big "sensation" scenes provided by an astute manager, it can easily be understood that the same effect is not gained as when an author sets out to develop a subject of his own, and fits the scenes to the story and not the story to the scenes. Given the conditions, Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the gentlemen responsible for the writing of "The Great Ruby," have done very well indeed.

A piece written cart-before-the-horsewards must necessarily have some drawbacks. There must be moments when the method is "given away" by a halt in the dramatic movement, when the story yields to scenic accessories, and the result is a lull in the progress of the argument, and the play ceases to be dramatic and is merely pictorial. It is to the credit of Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton that these gaps are so few and far between. Although there are several periods in the second and third acts of their work when the action halts, only once, in the scene at Lord's Cricket Ground, does it stand positively still. And, on the other hand, they have given to the first and fourth acts glimpses of real, sturdy drama. Even in the generally slow and diffuse second act there is at the end a scene of considerable power and ingenuity, where Mrs. John Wood walks in her sleep, and the curtain falls on the great ruby which is causing all the trouble, thrown carelessly into one armchair while the clever detective is dozing in another.

Authors bent on illustrating theatrically events which have occupied the public mind recently, who seek to place on the stage a dramatisation of a smart evening newspaper, cannot be expected to have any very scrupulous regard for good taste; and that is why they make their Indian Prince, the semi-hero of their story, who plays cricket for Cambridge, and who is in monetary difficulties with the India Office, a thief and almost a murderer. Such a thing as artistic restraint as a curb on artistic licence is not looked for in these cases. Still it is a pity.

In no other theatre in London is the disparity between the author and the stage manager so great as at Drury Lane. Here, the stage manager is not, as elsewhere, the assistant of the authors; on the contrary, the authors are the assistants of the stage manager. Lucky it is that Mr. Arthur Collins holds this position, for the success of the drama is his success; it is his scenes, his wonderful imagination and resource, which are mainly responsible for the success of "The Great Ruby." Everyone was asking how he would maintain the excellent sensationalism of last year's great diving scene. Then he gave us "the waters under the earth"; this year he gives us "in the air above," a very wonderful bit of stage carpentry. But, splendid as is the Bond Street jeweller's, realistic as is the Military Tournament, Mr. Collins' artistic triumph comes with the scene of the Village Street, one of the most beautiful stage pictures imaginable, with the long street, running up a steep hill, continued in the background. To this purely artistic picture are added the more material accessories of cyclists, coaches and four, and many other touches of realism

which make Old Drury famous. The balloon scene is quite astonishing. To see the earth recede, to enter the clouds and to be enveloped in vapour, is quite a new sensation when comfortably seated in one's stall, and that is the treat Mr. Arthur Collins provides for us.

The authors have not only had to write round Mr. Arthur Collins' scenes, they have had to write round the personality of Mrs. John Wood. While the first might have been hard and a trifle uncongenial, the last must be easy and entirely agreeable. For Mrs. John Wood is a very wonderful actress. To those who shiver amid the misplaced laughter of a melodramatic audience when the comedian of the company has for a moment to be serious, it is simply marvellous to note how she holds the attention of the great pit and gallery when she enters in her nightdress, candle in hand, and her hair in curl-papers. The first word the somnambulist utters is the cryptic one of "pickles," but so skilled an actress is Mrs. Wood, so sure her grip of the emotion of the moment, that although till then she has had nothing to do but make her hearers laugh, there is not a titter in the vast house as she paces mournfully about the room giving vent to the most absurd little sayings. The actress is so fine a mistress of her craft that she actually achieves the almost impossible—she makes a British melodramatic audience see beneath the surface and appreciate that what is superficially funny may mean something far from humorous.

Another fine, full-blooded performance is that of Mr. Robert Pateman as the villain, and a clever piece of acting is Mrs. Cecil Raleigh's as the Russian "countess" at the head of the band of thieves. Altogether "The Great Ruby" makes a very good evening's amusement. B. L.



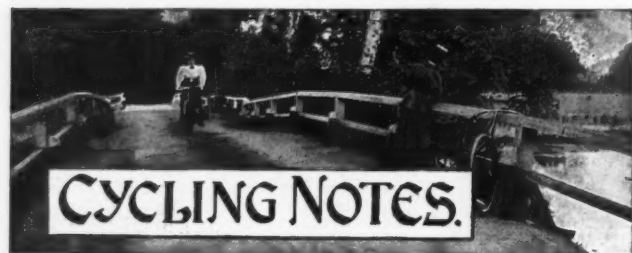
SO Mr. Kyrle Bellew is to be the very latest D'Artagnan, and a fine, romantic, dashing D'Artagnan he should make. He has the spirit, the appearance, the finesse for the part; for the stage D'Artagnan is a very different person from the D'Artagnan of Dumas. In the novel he is merely a great big swashbuckling fellow, without any of the arts of diplomacy, who "gets there" every time through the irresistibility of his indomitable pluck, which cuts its way through all obstacles, and lands its possessor high and dry above the machinations of his subtle foes. On the stage, D'Artagnan is the *preux chevalier*, with keen intellect and suave tact. Our "leading men" prefer him that way. Such a D'Artagnan Mr. Kyrle Bellew should prove himself, though we must not prophecy before the event. At the Globe he will be confronted by the Miladi of Miss Florence West, who played the part with her husband, Mr. Lewis Waller, in the suburbs and country. An excellent engagement, that of Miss Eva Moore, has been made for Gabrielle, as Constance is called in Mr. Henry Hamilton's version. She should be very sweet and charming. We are all curious to see the Richelieu of Mr. Brandon Thomas, who thus essays a task

quite different from that usually allotted to him. Miss Kate Rorke remains the Queen, and any change in this case could only have been for the worse.

At Her Majesty's affairs are progressing steadily towards the production of the great spectacle Mr. Tree is preparing. Here we are to have the gorgeous colour of the period brought vividly before us. But, while the pictorial part of the entertainment is to be on the lavish scale we look for at this theatre, everything is being done for the dramatic side of the play. With Mr. Grundy as adapter, and with such a company as Mr. Tree has gathered around him, we ought to be able to look forward with confidence to a production in which spectacle, important a part as it will play, will be entirely secondary to the drama. We are bidden to look for less of a panorama—excellent panorama—than at the Globe; for Mr. Grundy, having taken only a few of the incidents of the romance, has allowed himself scope for characterisation and development of intrigue. Mr. Waller's Buckingham, Mrs. Brown Potter's Miladi, Mrs. Tree's Anne of Austria, Miss Mabel Love's Constance, Mr. Herbert Ross's King, and, of course, Mr. Tree's D'Artagnan are awaited with lively curiosity.

Theatrical London has been much amused lately by the strange conduct of several London papers which, at the bidding of Mr. Henry Lowenfeld, the lessee of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, have made a strategic movement to the rear, have completely thrown over their critics, and, after pronouncing "The Royal Star" a very dull affair, have come out a few days later with glowing descriptions of it, and prophecies of an enormous success. There has been no moderation, no half-measures in this right-about-face—they have completely stultified themselves, and—let it be whispered—have made themselves just a little ridiculous. Mr. Lowenfeld issued two sets of circulars—one to those patrons of his theatre whose addresses he has, the other to the editors of the newspapers. In the first he tells the public that he cannot understand the action of the Press, for he knows that his piece is a most excellent and amusing one, and hints that the "slating" the opera received was due to the malignity of his enemies. In the second, he admits that the first performance was a very poor one, makes all sorts of excuses for it, and pleads, *ad misericordiam*, for a second notice. How are these things to be reconciled, and why did the papers fall in so completely with his views after the way the Press was referred to in his circular to his patrons? It is all very funny. What will not be funny for the papers will be when the public ceases to take any notice of newspaper criticism owing to its extraordinary vagaries, an attitude the public would be perfectly justified in taking up.

On Thursday, October 20th, we are to see at the Globe a new play by Mr. Leo Trevor, entitled "Brother Officers." In this we are to note the effect of a duckling among the swans; how a good fellow, but a plebeian, is raised from the ranks and is given a commission in a crack regiment; of the agony of spirit he endures, and how his love for a girl in a position so far above him is not rendered less distant by the gold braid on his arm. In this play Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and Mr. James Erskine (the Earl of Rosslyn) have important parts. In it, too, we shall see Miss Dora Barton, the young lady who took everyone's heart by storm as the delightful schoolgirl in "My Innocent Boy" at the Royalty.



IT can hardly be said that the writer of the following paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is up to date in his information:—"Now that the second accident—fortunately not fatal as in the case of the first—has happened in the Pass of Llanberis, it is to be hoped that the National Cyclists' Union will look into the matter, and continue its good work in providing a warning notice at the summit of this picturesque place which lies at the base of Snowdon. It is quite possible under the present conditions for a rider to be so enraptured with the scenery of this portion of the Welsh mountains that he fails to notice the gradient, which is but gradually slipping away from under him, so to speak. The decline is of that easy character that a cyclist whose machine is not fitted with a brake may soon find that his cycle is making too great a headway, and possibly the impetus, as in the case of the recent fatality, be too strong to be checked by back pedalling. The union will be doing valuable service to tourists and others by having a bold danger-board erected at the necessary point of the Pass at the very earliest opportunity." As a matter of fact a danger-board is already in existence there, having been erected by the Cyclists' Touring Club. It is only needed, however, to indicate a dangerous corner on leaving the summit of the Pass when descending to Capel Curig; and anyone who needs a danger-board on the Carnarvon side is really unfit to tour at all. There appears to be growing up a class of rider without any circumspection whatsoever, and the Ripley road itself will soon require to be dotted with danger-boards at every mile.

The weighty name of "judge" is sadly misapplied to mere county-court adjudicators who air their views on questions of which they apparently know nothing, and which certainly do not appear to come within their jurisdiction. County-court Judge Emden has distinguished himself by saying that large numbers of cyclists ride about "not caring one jot what damage they do or do not." This statement is perfectly absurd. No one has more cause to fear the result of a collision than the cyclist himself, and the notion that he deliberately runs amok is entirely chimerical. I wonder if Judge Emden rides a bicycle, and, if so, whether he knows what effect the running down of another person has upon the rider and his machine.

According to the *Hub*, a well-known Harvard physician has been speaking very eulogistically of cycling as an exercise, and has made the following very important declaration: "Compared with rowing and running, the ordinary bicycling brings little increased action upon the heart. Indeed, one of the greatest advantages of bicycling for women and middle-aged men is that it provides them with means of exercise when rowing and running are out of the question." Finally, the speaker said: "The bicycle is one of the greatest

boons of humanity to-day. It is a valuable factor in the moral, artistic, and intellectual, as well as in the physical, development of people of the present time."

On distinctly novel and apparently comfortable lines is the Multispiral Saddle just introduced by Brampton Brothers, of Birmingham. As will be seen from the accompanying illustrations, it has a multiplicity of springs instead of the usual twin coils at the rear and occasionally one at the peak. This plenitude of springs ought to have at least one effect, and that is to prevent the sagging of the leather in the centre, a feature which is productive of so much discomfort unless effective means of tensioning are provided. The leather top of the saddle, by the way, is duplex, and has a felt pad as an insertion. The peak is also padded, and is stated to be easily depressed in the act of mounting. These are considerations, no



doubt, which will specially appeal to lady riders, but the saddle is made in a larger size for the use of gentlemen also. It is pleasing to note that though the price of this novelty is slightly in excess of the ordinary patterns, it is not markedly so, and does not attain those needlessly prohibitive proportions which are characteristic of so many of the special types.

It is not surprising to find that the infatuated rider who has been attempting to cover 365 consecutive daily rides of 100 miles each has failed in his attempt. He has contracted typhoid fever, and, even assuming a perfect cure,

will have to lie by until the disease has worked its course. The description of his sufferings on his last ride will have the effect, it may be hoped, of putting a stop to this inhuman method of advertisement for the future. "Edwards," the description runs, "was partially unconscious for ten miles of the first twenty-four to Niagara Falls. He finished at the Falls, at the close of his twenty-four-mile period, with the fever lower than when he started. He rode from there over into Canada, and still the fever burned him up, while he in turn burned up the miles in order that he might be the sooner done with it all. His mind worked free, however; he did not feel that others than himself were to blame for what he was going through. As a matter of fact, no one but himself could claim the crime of ordering that terrible strain on humanity which he passed through. The Pope Manufacturing Company told him to stop at any time and lay up for repairs before going on, but it had made the arrangement for consecutive centuries, and Edwards was anxious to carry out that arrangement, as he had been doing for day after day when in almost as bad condition." Edwards went to bed that night, and for several days hovered between life and death. Owing, however, to the assiduous attention of his medical adviser, who placed him in a darkened room, and started the starving process to reduce the fever, Edwards was, according to latest reports, in a fair way towards recovery. He was definitely determined, however, to continue his efforts on leaving his sick room, the idea being that, though he has failed in his attempt on the daily centuries, he will be able to establish a record mileage for the twelve months. It will be a great pity, however, if he is allowed to continue, as he is sure to do himself more harm. It will be remembered that a much stronger man, the late Arthur Linton, brought on his own death by persisting in riding at a time when he should have been giving his system a complete rest. THE PILGRIM.



THERE was a big crowd at Alexandra Park on Saturday week, and not a few of the visitors went there to see "the man of the moment"—Sloan. Unfortunately he was prevented by indisposition from riding at the meeting. It is seldom that we see a day's racing now without American or Australian bred horses winning a race or two, and on this occasion it was the Yankee David II. who took the principal event of the afternoon, the October Sale Plate. He is a four year old son of that well-known American race-horse Tenny, and as he started a hot favourite at 6 to 5, Hornsby's stable probably had a good race. As he was giving 7lb. to St. Fort, whom he beat by half a length, and Chon Kina finished a long way behind him at weight for age, he was probably bought in cheaply at 600 guineas.

That there should be a prejudice against Monday racing in the South of England is not to be wondered at. On the other hand, near the big manufacturing towns of the North and Midlands, where that day is a holiday, it is only natural that it should be exceedingly popular, and this is a fact which the stewards of the Jockey Club would do well to remember when they are allotting days. The Nottingham people dearly love a little sport on Monday, and this they once more proved by turning out in tremendous force on the first day of the Nottingham Autumn Meeting. The principal race of the afternoon, the Nottingham Handicap of a mile and a-half, was won by Dancing Wave, who, with 13lb. the best of the weights, gave an easy three lengths beating to Prosperous, with Acmena third. Mr. Jersey's filly has run unluckily for some time past, and it may be that she does not fight her races out too gamely as a rule. However that may be, she finished resolutely enough in the hands of Sloan, and there is no doubt that his style of sitting still, and letting his mount run its own race, is far more calculated to succeed with nervous or shifty animals than the pulling back and driving on



style of our English jockeys. The concluding day of the Nottingham Meeting was chiefly remarkable for the fact that although Sloan had three mounts, they were, for a wonder, all unsuccessful ones, and his followers must have had a bad day for once. The Duke of Portland's Dismay, by St. Simon—Ismay, beat a moderate lot in the Sherwood Nursery Plate, and then King Hampton walked over for the last event of the meeting, the Bentinck Stakes.

I have always believed in the future of the Leicester race-course, because everything is invariably well done there, and no money or pains are spared to show good sport. It is therefore satisfactory to see these meetings increasing in public favour, in spite of the efforts of local bigots and spoil-sports, and the October Meeting made a decidedly successful start on Wednesday last. There were capital entries for all the events, and the "going" was much better than could have been expected, but horses cannot run in public unless they can gallop at home, and we shall not see any more big fields until we have had some rain. A "dark" filly by Rugeley II., dam by Hermit, named Lady Contrary, was made favourite for the Maiden Two Year Old Plate, which she won easily by three-quarters of a length from Isopod; and Sweet Annette made amends for her Hurst Park defeat by taking the Midland Auction Nursery, after which she was bought in cheaply for 300 guineas.

I have seen many good races at Kempton Park, but none better than those for the Imperial Produce Stakes and the Duke of York Stakes on Friday and Saturday last. For the first of these the Duke of Westminster's Flying Fox, generally considered to be the best two year old of the season seen out up to now, with the possible exception of Amurath, was naturally made favourite, though those who knew how much that well-bred three-parts brother to St. Frusquin, St. Gris, has come on of late, were not backward in befriending him, and he started at 3 to 1. It was as grand a race as anyone could wish to see. As the field drew opposite the stands the two favourites were seen to be fighting out a desperate finish, with Fascination looking very dangerous at their girths. She could never get any nearer, however, and Flying Fox seemed to have won his race until he pecked slightly in the last few strides. Even then most people thought that he had won, and it caused pretty general surprise when St. Gris's number went up instead of his. That Flying Fox ought to have won I have not the slightest doubt, whilst it must not be forgotten that he was trying to give 5lb. to the winner. Fascination was third, only beaten by three-quarters of a length, and she must have been unlucky in some of her recent races. North Britain, who finished fourth, was also carrying the extreme penalty, and is quite a nice colt, but it is doubtful if any of the others will ever set the Thames on fire. The winner is a charming colt who has improved out of all recognition since he ran so well at Goodwood, and bred as he is, by Galopin out of Isabel (St. Frusquin's dam), he will probably make a great three year old. Flying Fox, as all my readers know, has always been a favourite of mine since I saw him as a yearling at Eaton, and the only thing that I have to say against him is that he looks a little too "set" for a two year old. It is a curious feature of this particular race that it is generally associated with the defeat of the crack youngster of the season. Thus St. Frusquin was upset by Teufel in 1895, whilst last year saw the overthrow of Cyllene by Dieudonne. Which will eventually turn out the better horse of the two who fought it out this year, it would be difficult to say; perhaps Amurath will some day prove himself superior to both.

The blood of Melbourne has always nicked well with that of Galopin, and this has never been better proved than by St. Frusquin and St. Gris, both being out of Isabel, who goes back through Plebeian, Joskin, and West Australian to Melbourne, the five year old being by St. Simon, and the two year old by that horse's sire, Galopin. St. Gris also gets two crosses of Bay Middleton through Flying Dutchman and Plebeian's dam, Queen Elizabeth. There is no doubt that Plebeian mares are going to be very valuable for stud purposes.

Never did I know a more difficult race to pick the winner of than last Saturday's Duke of York Stakes. Mount Prospect had been heavily backed, and was to be ridden by Sloan, David II.'s friends declared that he had 14lb. in hand of Mr. Bailey's colt, St. Lucia looked to have a great chance on some of her running, "Dick" Marsh thought Sallins would win, and Charles Wood had the same confidence in Gazetteer. The first two I saw in the paddock were Mr. Jersey's pair, Gazetteer and Bridegroom, both looking well, though I liked the first-named best, both in the parade and canter. Sallins is a hideous beast to look at, though he moved well as he cantered to the post; but of all that went down, Gazetteer and Mount Prospect certainly went best. And yet not one of this lot, fancied and backed as they all were, could get nearer than second, the actual winner turning up in the almost unnoticed Sirenia. The sole reason why the public passed by this good-looking and beautifully-bred filly, who was a long way the best of her age in Ireland last year, was that

she has been doing badly of late. In fact, she looked a very different filly in the paddock on Saturday last to what she did the last time I saw her, and as neither her owner, Colonel Paget, nor his friend, Mr. Purcell-Gilpin, had more than a few sovereigns on her, there was no encouragement for anyone to back her. It was Mr. Gilpin, who has lately come from Ireland to this country, and superintends the training of Clarkson's select little string near Pimperne, who induced Colonel Paget to buy this filly as a yearling for 100 guineas only, and a wonderful purchase she has turned out. She is now a very fine mare indeed, of the useful wiry stamp, but with plenty of size and substance; and it is perfectly certain that, as she was obviously by no means at her best on Saturday last, she will win another good handicap or two before she leaves the post for the paddock. And what a grand brood mare she will make when that time comes. By Gallinule, son of Isonomy and Moorhen, by Hermit from Sister to Ryshworth; out of Concussion, by Reverberation, son of Thunderbolt, by Stockwell, her dam Astwith, by Wenlock out of Sister to Ryshworth, she is strongly inbred to Birdcatcher and Voltigeur, the very combination which has been carrying all before it throughout the whole of this season. For many years past have I been preaching the advantages of buying horses in Ireland and training them in England, and when such a mare as Sirenia can be bought for 100 guineas in that country, it is evidently the place to buy.

It is worth noticing, too, that the first three in this race, Sirenia, Mount Prospect, and Gazetteer, were all bred in Ireland, and are all by the same sire, Gallinule. It was a grand race, worth going a long way to see. OUTPOST.



ONLY second to Leicestershire as a county to ride over, and superior to that county in the fact that it does not require so large a stud, Cheshire is one of the most delightful of districts for a hunting-man. Its one drawback was wire, but owing to the wise action of the hunt, and the good feeling of the farmers, that impediment to hunting is to a great extent removed. An opportunity to meet the South Cheshire gave me a chance of seeing a famous pick at work. Wardle Gorse, in the Nantwich district, was the first draw, and as a heavy mist rolled away hounds were put into covert. Instantly the welcome chorus was heard. Fox after fox went away, clean and bright in coat, to the number of six. Three brace—gone where good foxes should go, straight across country—were rightly allowed to depart, and hounds kept to the duty of instructing the stay-at-home ones. Of these there were a leash, so that blood for the young hounds could easily be spared. How the pack hunted! There was a fair scent in covert, and, for the matter of that, outside, in spite of the dry weather. One youngster went to ground, one was caught and killed, the other made a series of dashes into the open, and gave us occasion to enjoy ourselves before he was killed. Later in the day, with hounds well blooded, the pack ran with great dash from Houghton to Wardle again.

In the neighbouring county Sir Watkin Wynn has been hunting his own pack, which was greatly improved some years ago by the purchase of the late Lord Portsmouth's bitches. How these bitches used to drive, and what music they had in the trackless Eggesford woodlands! They have not lost their good qualities here. Sir Watkin's country is of course rougher than the Cheshire, but it is full of stout foxes and carries a good scent. So far as a stranger could judge, Lee Wood, which the hounds drew the day I was out, is a good hunting place, and they hunted a stout cub to ground in an hour. It was a woodland run, but a good one. To take a long jump from Cheshire to Sussex, the packs in that county have not done much. There are plenty of foxes, and more this year than last, in the down country. The only drawback to the prospects of the hunting season is that in these heavy woodlands the foxes have not had the drilling they require.

The Quorn have been out in what I believe is once more to be the Friday country, and, taking Old Dalby as a starting-place, found plenty of good foxes; but

we are crying out for rain. Leicestershire fields, well drained as they are (too well for hunting), want a lot of rain before they give the scent which enables hounds to keep clear of their big fields. From Ireland I hear that Lord Milton has begun to hunt with his North Wexford pack, and that all difficulty with the Carlow and Island respecting boundaries has been happily settled. X.



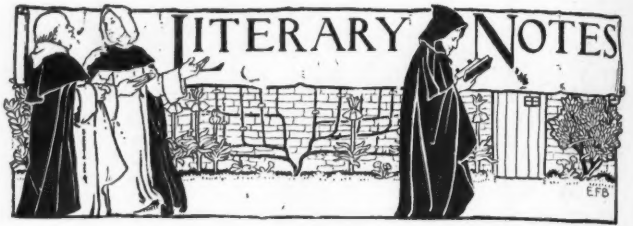
THE thatcher is one of the few old-fashioned independent craftsmen left in the country-side. No one has yet invented a machine which will thatch a rick or patch a barn roof. The dish turner, the white cooper, the glover, the rope-maker, even the wheelwright, are gone or going, because wooden bowls, butter tubs, gloves, and rope are made more cheaply on a large scale in the towns; and as half the agricultural implements are now made of iron, the wheelwright scarcely gets a living. But the thatcher is a prosperous fellow, and in nearly every case AN EXCELLENT WORKMAN. The only drawback to his business is that the work comes in rushes. After this harvest, for instance, he might have thatched all day and all night long, if the farmers could have induced him to do so, so large and numerous were the stacks, and so rapidly put up. As it is, he may often be seen working long after twilight, by the light of the harvest moon, getting a rough covering on to a stack in case of rain. Many of the large farmers make their labourers learn to thatch well enough to cover and roof a stack. This, of course,



7. Fall, AN EXCELLENT WORKMAN. Baker Street.

is much easier work than thatching a house or a barn, where the work has to last for years. But some stack thatching is very highly finished. Well-to-do farmers, who kept their corn till prices suited them, and had money to spare for appearance, were very particular as to the look of their rickyards, and the stacks were finished off with straw devices at the peak, and diaper patterns round the lower edge of the roof.

The art of thatching consists in first sorting out and wetting the straw. When wetted and straightened, it is laid in the niche, or wooden holder, which the thatcher has fastened up with his comb. The boy who helps him carries the niche up the ladder and fixes it on the stack in a handy place, and the thatcher lays it in position, and with pegs, knife, and string fixes it there; finally it is combed down with the steel-toothed implement which the thatcher is carrying over his shoulder, and trimmed round the eaves.



AFTER nearly thirty years of existence, the *Academy*, which was established in 1869, has bought a new dress, and appears, like the heron, in half-mourning. The change is distinctly for the better. For many years I have been a more or less assiduous student of the *Academy*, and it has been my good fortune to be acquainted with many of the brilliant critics who are to be numbered among its contributors. But its form, reminding one of a junior *Athenaeum*, has always wearied. Nothing so meagre as the *Athenaeum* in point of quantity, so unvarying and monotonous in form, so inconvenient to read when the paper-knife is mislaid, could possibly succeed save by virtue of the prestige of antiquity. There is room for one *Athenaeum* only, and that fact appears to have been realised by the present editor of the *Academy* almost as soon as he entered upon his office, for the evidence of new life, of a spirit awake to the events of the day, was visible at once.

With the current number, 1379, Mr. Hinde makes a new departure. It is not merely a case of new clothes of a modest and scholarly colour, but of general improvement and enlargement. We have a fac-simile of part of a letter written by Mr. Ruskin, which would have been valued more highly in 1876, when the letter was written, than it is likely to be now. We have portraits of authors, including that lightning impressionist, Mr. G. W. Stevens, and of newspaper conductors. All the best of the old features have been retained, and some additional characteristics of marked interest have been introduced. Amongst other things the editor offers to consider, through his critics, books in MS., to comment upon those books in his pages, to give advice as to publication, and to make arrangements for publication with "a first-rate firm." That is a very large enterprise, of which the result may be awaited with great interest. But the "readers" have my sympathy. Presumably no man of established reputation will submit his work to them. Undoubtedly a very large number of budding authors will inundate them with MS., and, although they may find here and there a jewel, they will also encounter a vast mass of very poor stuff. Moreover, experience teaches me that the modern custom of type-writing, while it may save their eyesight a little, will certainly increase the sum of their labours. The typist will have removed many faults which would have been apparent in the original MS., and the reader will often have to persevere for some time before he discovers how thoroughly worthless a projected book is.

Mr. G. W. Stevens, whose name has cropped up at the opening of these notes, is a journalist and a man of letters who has jumped to the front of late. Educated at Balliol, a constant contributor to the *National Observer* in the days when Mr. Henley steered the vessel, he has made his mark rapidly in daily journalism, and his despatches to the *Daily Mail* from the Soudan have appeared in book form (Macmillan) almost—perhaps quite—before their author set foot in England after the campaign. Beyond question, they are eminently readable and vivid, although from the military point of view they leave much to be desired. They have just the tone which the public likes. They are lively, personal, impressionist; they are the red-hot work of a clever man, who is a master of the English language, and never stiff. Folks are beginning to ask why work of this kind has practically never been done before. The answer is not very far to seek. Mr. Stevens is a new kind of war correspondent, and his training has been of a far more refined character than that of the old-fashioned correspondent. Not that I under-value the war correspondent of the old type. On the contrary, for my own purposes, which are to acquire accurate knowledge of the progress of a campaign, I prefer him and his work to the new type. Moreover, there is a downright vigour about the work of Archibald Forbes, or war-worn Charles Williams, or Bennet Burleigh which one misses in Mr. Stevens. Still there is no doubt that when a distinguished Oxford scholar is caught young, and before he has had time to grow donnish, he makes a brilliant and literary journalist.

To remain at Oxford is, save in the most exceptional cases, fatal to the literary development of a man. He may learn a great deal, but he ceases to be able to write. This was illustrated in amusing fashion in my hearing at a recent Common Room dinner. The assembled fellows could not find words to express their contempt for the literary tone of the day. Very humbly, as one who was a small factor in the making of that tone, your "Looker-on" suggested that it was a pity his hosts did not contribute to the improvement of literary taste by writing. But they cried with one voice, "Many of us write, but no one can find a publisher."

"Caniculus" tells me a good true story. He went, as in duty bound, to the bloodhound trials in Yorkshire, and there he beheld a tall lady, quite in the bloom of youth, holding a straining bloodhound in leash. To him spoke one of those omniscient persons who are never absent when men are gathered together. "Curious taste for a literary lady, is it not? That is Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist; but, of course, coming from London, you know her appearance." Then "Caniculus," whose reading goes a little beyond Stonehenge and the Kennel Club catalogues, said sadly, "But the novelist is dead; she died months ago." But the Yorkshireman did not believe him.

Beyond question Mr. John Lane has a treasure in "The Lost Volume of Shelley," which was published in 1850 and recalled immediately when Shelley discovered that his sister Elizabeth, who collaborated with him, had "inserted as her own a poem by Mr. M. G. Lewis." Such is the cold language of the announcement, and the lost volume has been discovered at Dorchester, of all places in the world. Doubts appear to have arisen now whether the volume, published when Shelley was eighteen, really contains a poem borrowed from Lewis or whether anything worse happened than an appearance of plagiarism. One can well imagine that any suggestion of the kind would be enough to cause Shelley, a hyper-sensitive person, to suppress the volume.

Books to order from the library:

- "Owd Bob." Alfred Ollivant. (Methuen.)
- "The Intruders." L. B. Walford. (Longmans.)
- "The Phantom Army." Max Pemberton. (Pearson.)
- "Mysterious Mr. Sabin." E. Philips Oppenheim. (Ward.)
- "Through the Pyrenees." H. Spender. (Innes.)
- "In the Forbidden Land." A. H. S. Landor. (Heinemann.)
- "Through Asia." S. Hedin. (Methuen.)

LOOKER-ON.